

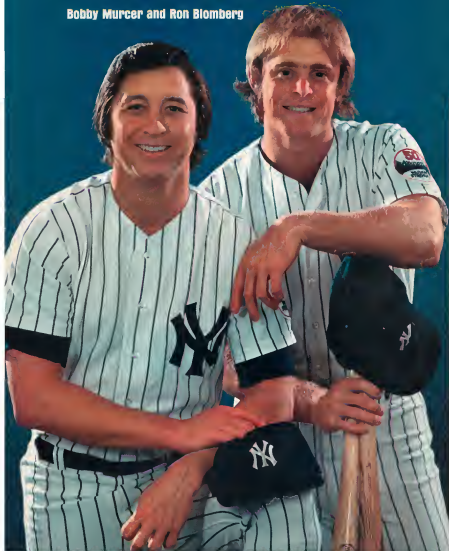
Sports Illustrated

JULY 2, 1979

19 GAMES

PRIDE OF THE NEW YANKEES

Bobby Murcer and Ron Blomberg



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Next week

ROOKIEST ROOKIE David Clyde, who three weeks ago was a high school pitching marvel, faces his first start in the major leagues as a Texas Ranger. Ron Fournier reports

WHAT'LL WOTTE Do next, now that Bowling Green Dave has won an Olympic gold medal in the 800-meter run, turned in a super time for the mile and performed two hat tricks?

100% IS NOT ENOUGH says the Washington Redskins' demanding coach, George Allen, who sets forth his own philosophy about how you produce what you have to have—110%!



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CRAMER

ROZELLE AT BAY

The dispute between NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle and Players Association Executive Director Ed Garvey over testing players for evidence of drugs is slightly more complicated than whether or not a man should be asked to urinate in a bottle. For one thing, detection of drugs by urinalysis is neither simple nor foolproof, as anyone who has worked in such a program will concede. For another, the players feel they should have been consulted on the drug problem and how to cope with it: unilateral imposition of an inspection program by the owners makes it appear that all players are suspect and must be policed.

Beyond that and more important, really—is the simple matter of power politics. Rozelle, a superior administrator during his years as NFL commissioner, has been sniped at recently by owners, some of whom feel he is not as stern with the help as he should be. Giving in to Garvey, or even inviting the players to help establish a drug-detection program, could jeopardize his position as absolute czar of the sport and possibly turn him into another Bowie Kuhn, a sort of super publicity man without real power.

Rozelle feels, with considerable justification, that he has been a very able commissioner whose decisions have benefited both owners and players, and he is fighting to reestablish his authority over both.

LITTLE RED SHIRTS

An investigation into a Pennsylvania school district by a state authority has raised a question about redshirting of pre-high school football players. Auditor General Robert P. Casey said the probe of the Mount Carmel Area School District was "inconclusive" but he recommended that certain steps be taken to make sure redshirting did not occur, which seems a cliche, but of where there's smoke there's fire reasoning. State law says a boy entering ninth grade has only four years of athletic eligibility, yet Mount Carmel had a rather high per-

centage of 12th-grade football players who were in their 13th year of schooling. This apparent contradiction of the law was valid because the boys had "been left back," or "retained," in the eighth grade, before their years of eligibility began. The state audit noted that in one group of 14 football players so retained, all had better than fair marks, the lowest grade average being 81.

However, deliberate redshirting by athletic officials was not charged. Indeed, it was found that some parents had requested that their sons repeat the eighth grade, ostensibly so that at graduation from high school they would be a year older and thus more mature socially, mentally and physically.

OFFBEAT

The trouble with eight-oared crews, suggests a letter to *Technology Review*, is that everybody rows together. You know—the coxswain crying his "Stroke, stroke, stroke," and the boat leaping ahead as the eight men dig their oars into the water simultaneously.

Ben Drisko of Camden, Maine feels this may be wrong, that rowing in unison imposes a "large alternating component" on the "constant component" of forward velocity. Go-and-stop rowing, in

other words, eliminating the alternating or stop component, Drisko argues, could increase the direct or go component. That is, if the eight oars each entered the water at a different time, the boat would have a more constant forward impetus and a greater sustained speed.

Instead of a slow "Stroke, stroke, stroke" call, the cox could count rapidly and repetitively from one to eight over a period of, say, two seconds. Each oarsman would start his stroke when he hears his number. Thus, the oars would dip into the water at quarter-second intervals and the last man's stroke would be rhythmically followed by the first man's next stroke, with no arresting interval.

Drisko says it might be fun to experiment with this idea. He might also noodle around on his drawing board and see if he can come up with something to replace the cox, whose voice is going to become a non-functioning component about a third of the way down the course.

LIFE FOLLOWS ART AGAIN

You may recall the fun some of our readers had in making up names for a proposed European professional football league (the London Bridges, the Warsaw Concertos, the Nice Guys). This one is real. The new Southern Hockey League expects to have a team in Georgia called the Macon Whoopies.

THE CIRCLED SQUARE

Such a week. Staggered rowers are not enough, now we get round boxing rings. Marv Jenson, who managed former middleweight champion Gene Fullmer, has devised a perfectly round ring (an almost round, octagonal one was tried some years ago) and is trying to get it patented. "I have always been worried about the safety of boxers," Jenson says. "I was the one who came up with the idea of four ropes instead of the traditional three. When I saw Benny Paré trapped between the top two ropes and taking such a beating that he died, I knew we had to make a change. The round ring is another safety idea. No longer can a fighter be pinned and punished in a corner. And it will make for more action."

Instead of the standard 18' by 18' square, Jenson's ring has a 20' diameter, although it can be made bigger or smaller. The circle—the four "ropes" are actually tubing covered with a foam rubber material—looks distinctly larger than the square, but looks deceiving. "It's an



continued

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SCORECARD

optical illusion," says Jenson. "The 18' by 18' ring has 324 square feet of space. This one has 314 square feet."

One minor problem remains: How do you introduce the fighters? "In this arc, wearing purple trunks."

MONTICELLO ROCKWAY

Every year Leon Greenberg, the ebullient head of New York's Monticello Raceway, swoops down out of the Catskills with a new idea to promote harness racing. One year he instituted superfecta wagering. Then got a man on a bicycle to race a horse, and now he has decided Monticello needs rock 'n' roll music.

Greenberg, sometimes referred to as the P.T. Barnum of the Borschi Belt, goes all out in his promotions. Last week he brought a trotter appropriately named Sound of Music to Central Park's Tavern on the Green for lunch and a performance by a rock group called The Driscops—but his reasoning is valid. So far, no track in the country, thoroughbred or harness, has been able to get the young crowd interested, and yet new blood is what horse racing needs. "In some ways," says Greenberg, "racetracks have become old-age homes. I'm trying to prevent that by merging entertainment and sports. And, of course, I'm hoping this will help cure the economic ills."

It is an expensive hope. Monticello has invested almost \$100,000 in a summer schedule featuring 13 groups, including Ike and Tina Turner, Blood, Sweat and Tears, the Everly Brothers, Chubby Checker and Jay and The Americans. Performances will take place before the races start. "I'm the biggest square in the Catskills," Greenberg admitted, "but if rock is what will get the young to the track, then I'm betting rock and racing are here to stay."

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY

Teddy Brenner, the Madison Square Garden boxing matchmaker, said (SI, June 18), "I see that the World Boxing Council has rated Joe Roman No. 10, That's terrible. They can rate anybody they want.... The World Boxing Association is just as bad. Now when I put on a fight, I say the guy is rated No. 3, or No. 5. Who rates them? Me. Hell, I'm more qualified than a bunch of politicians."

Last week the qualified Brenner went badly beyond No. 3 and No. 5 and announced plans to create an entire new set

of champions. Pointing out that only two world boxing championships are currently held by Americans and implying that we deserved something, Brenner said a series of upcoming bouts would produce U.S. champions in each of boxing's eight major divisions.

Newspaper stories about Brenner's plan for instant champions had barely time to be wrapped around the night's fish before Abe J. Greene, New Jersey's boxing head, got his state into the act. Greene announced that the winner of last Saturday's fight between Ernie Terrell and Chuck Wepner would be declared the new U.S. heavyweight champion. (George Foreman, the world titleholder, would not be American champion, despite his flag.) To prove it, Greene increased the number of rounds the Terrell-Wepner bout was scheduled to go from 10 to 12. What more could you ask? Particularly since other preflight publicity had revealed to a waiting world that Wepner was already the New Jersey state champion. Wepner's disputed victory in the fight thus made him champion of the United States and New Jersey, a title anyone would be proud to have.

Some people say American boxing has deteriorated, but everywhere you look there are champions.

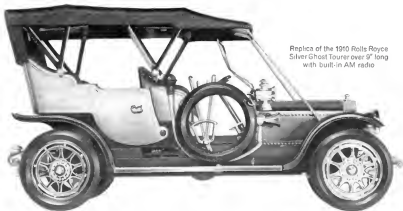
PHOENIX ARISING

Bobby Fischer was supposed to have destroyed Boris Spassky's psyche in their famous chess match last summer, but now Fischer is in hiding, shying away from publicity and refusing to play chess, while Spassky has emerged apparently serene and well-adjusted. The London *Sunday Times* reports that Spassky says there is no chance of another match between him and Fischer before the end of 1975. "Our chess authorities in Russia are against it, and they are right," he says. "I'm not at all satisfied with the quality of my game. I'm still suffering from depression. It's quite normal; every chess player has it."

"Another thing is that I know my best chance of beating Fischer is by going through the qualifying rounds like the other challengers. There'll be eight of us, and of course I may not win. But if I do, I'll have the right impetus and morale. To beat a new world champion you have to be in the right spirit. You have to be sure inside that you've beaten all the others and that now is the time to knock the eagle off his perch."

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As for Fischer's withdrawal into himself, Spassky observes, "I said a long time ago that Bobby was going to be a very unhappy man. He has terrible problems. He is afraid of people. He thinks they're getting at him. And he has this need to be admired and worshiped. He needs to build a monument to himself."

"As well as this, he has his after-the-match depression, like I do. It all makes a strong cocktail and it's bound to have a bad effect on his chess. It'll be a long time before he's able to pull himself together."

"If we play in 1975 the position will be the reverse of 1972. He'll have had three years of troubles, and I'll have had three years of chess."

AWAKE AND SWING

A 23-year-old Michigan golfer with the rather splendid name of Chip Iceberg was scheduled to play a first-round match in the state amateur golf tournament at 8:34 a.m. on June 21, but he slept through his starting time and the match began without him. By the time he got to the course his opponent was on the 4th tee, an automatic three up. Iceberg jumped into action and managed to even the match, but eventually lost, 3 and 2.

This would hardly be an unusual story, except that Iceberg did precisely the same thing two years ago at the same course. He did not arrive then until he was four holes down, and he was eliminated that time, too.

"It's embarrassing," Iceberg said. "I'm getting paranoid about it."

THEY SAID IT

• John Schlee, U.S. Open runner-up, on how he likes living in Texas: "It's great. Texans have a lot of state pride. You don't hear anybody coming up and saying, 'Hi, I'm from Pennsylvania,' do you?"

• Bill Zeigler, Texas Ranger trainer, on the ethyl chloride he and others of his profession spray on wounded athletes: "I'm not sure it has much value, but I've reached the point where I think the public would think I'm incompetent if I didn't take it with me whenever I go on the field."

• Rob Adde, Washington sportswriter, on why he would not issue a Bobby Riggs-type challenge to his wife, former tennis champion Pauline Betz: "She could beat me carrying a bucket of sand in one hand."

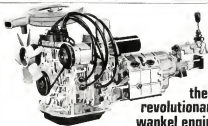
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COURTING TIME IN PEKING

They were something like Gollivers in China, amazing in size yet benign in manner. In number, they were 46—the largest American delegation allowed into the formerly forbidden mainland since President Nixon's grand army of aides, diplomats and newsmen descended during the friendly winter of 1972. In stature, they possibly were unmatched in all the 200 Chinese generations since the Shang Dynasty first bloomed in the 18th century B.C. When they strolled along the hot sweeping boulevards of Peking, the city's endlessly flowing stream of bicyclists slowed or stopped or tangled in knots to watch them. When they stood to sip toasts at banquets in their honor their raised goblets looked like thimbles in their outstretched hands. When they trooped through the Forbidden City, the Summer Palace outside Peking or the vast corridors of the Great Hall of the People, they made a tall, long, brightly colored line that hitched and writhed its way like a big, happy picture-snapping dragon. At times last week, it seemed that in all of Peking only the ever-present portraits of Chairman Mao Tse-tung stood consistently higher, or more visible, than this American delegation of two basketball teams, men's and women's, on a three-week tour through the People's Republic.

As the first of their kind to come to Red China, they were feted and praised, cared for and adored with as much gusto—although by no means the pomp—as any emperors of the past. They were received, in fact, with almost as much reverence and respect as the exalted lowly peasant in the egalitarian present.

The idea for the tour was conceived during one of Henry Kissinger's cloak-and-dorito visits to Peking last winter. The plan was to begin a series of good-will sports exchanges between the

It was friendship first, competition second as Americans drank toasts, met Madame Mao and learned that "lan chiu" is a Chinese addiction

by WILLIAM JOHNSON

two countries, and originally the intent was to send the U.S. men's and women's amateur champion teams. As everyone knows, that meant the men's teams would be UCLA, winner of the NCAA title for the seventh consecutive time. As virtually no one at all knew, the women's team would be the John F. Kennedy College Paterettes out of Wahoo, Neb., winner of the national AAU title for the past two years. The State Department issued invitations, and the word from Wahoo was an instantaneous "yup," but UCLA said no. Thus it was necessary to patch together a college all-star squad, and early in June the men players gathered in Tennessee for a few days of practice with Gene Bartow, the amiable and intelligent coach of Memphis State University, runners-up to UCLA.

There were no real All-Americans in the group, but they were an uncommonly bright bunch, some of them still teenagers like freshmen Quinn Buckner of Indiana, George Pannell of South Plains Junior College in Texas and Alvan Adams of Oklahoma, or mere sophomores like Kevin Grevey of Kentucky and seven-foot Rich Kelley of Stanford. Kevin Stacom of Providence was one of three juniors, and three had graduated from college—Kentucky's Jim Andrews, North Carolina's George Karl and Ronnie Robinson of Memphis State. Nearly all of the Paterettes, who had compiled a 34-7 record for the season against such

teams as the Raytown Piperettes, the Wayland Baptist Flying Queens and the Kansas City Lady Bugs, were from Iowa. The two squads gave the U.S. delegation a remarkably Middle American silhouette. They spoke mostly in drawls, twangs and flat accents that echoed of cornfields and green prairies and long, straight two-lane highways.

Not very many of the Americans had ever been out of the country, but neither had many of their Chinese hosts visited abroad, a condition that is changing rapidly now that Peking has decided there is a use for sport in world politics. After years of isolation the Chinese suddenly are exchanging athletes, teams and sportsmen with dizzying enthusiasm. Last week, for example, China was being crisscrossed by an astonishing assortment of athletic delegations besides the U.S. basketball contingent. There were teams of U.S. swimmers and divers, a soccer team from Somali, a Japanese schoolboy basketball team, a Japanese industrial soccer team, the Mexican men's and women's volleyball teams, the Sri Lanka badminton delegation, an Albanian youths' volleyball team, a British table tennis team, a Pakistani soccer team and a Pakistani badminton team. Going the other way, a Chinese table tennis team was in Japan, another in Thailand and Malaysia; a badminton team was in Burma, a track and field team in Korea, a tennis team in Bucharest, a gymnastics team in Canada and the men's and women's volleyball teams were traveling through Syria, Italy and Lebanon.

But it was basketball that intrigued the Chinese. For one thing, *lan chiu*, as the

continued

At gleaming Capital Stadium, Providence's Kevin Stacom (8) fires off Western style.



game is called in China, is the nation's No. 2 sport, second only to Ping-Pong in popularity. Introduced by missionaries and YMCA workers in 1901, just 10 years after Dr. Naismith invented it, basketball gained no great popularity until after Mao's Communist Party won the country in 1949 and a revolutionary drive for physical fitness swept the country. Today baskets and backboards sprout in every city park, factory yard and commune, and are hooked to trees in the remotest villages. *Lan chiu*, quite simply, is China's national team game—and the Americans are its prophets.

"We admire your American players for they are the best at basketball in the world," said Tung Yi-wan, a leading member of the All China Sports Federation working with the nation's mass sports programs. "We are not of your caliber, but we can advance friendship

and learn from your visit. In many parts of the countryside of China the peasants and workers use their threshing grounds to play basketball. It is a game the people like to play in the interest of the advancement of socialism and defense of the nation through Chairman Mao's precepts of physical fitness."

From the moment of the muggy morning of June 16 when they disembarked from the Hong Kong train and walked tentatively through the famed corrugated-iron arch and crossed the border into China, the U.S. men and women were engulfed in a special air of admiration and awe. As their buses wound through steaming Canton, people waved enthusiastically, and after a two-hour jet flight to dark and rainy Peking, where they received standard energetic applause and embraces, the Americans settled into a routine of constant adoration. When



The Chinese turned up skilful and quick.

they practiced in Peking's Capital Stadium, a gleaming 18,000-seat arena rivaling any in the U.S., they were joined by several thousand spectators who watched in almost scholarly silence, broken only by hushed *aaaaaahhs* when someone rose high off the floor and dunked a ball.

Tickets to the first appearance in Peking—a men's and women's doubleheader against Chinese all-star teams—were sold out far in advance. The best seats cost a dime, the rest a nickel and when a Chinese official was jokingly asked whether there might be some scalping underway, he said briskly, "Of course not. It is against the law." The first games were beamed across all of China by government television.

Wherever they went as a group, the Americans were recognized, but even alone the players were celebrated. One Patriette, Julienne Brazinski, rose at 5 a.m. the day after a televised game and went for a stroll in the rosy morning. To her surprise, she came upon a dusty playground where more than a dozen small boys were playing basketball. When they saw her, one ran to her side, holding up seven fingers—the number on her uniform. He grabbed her hand and pulled his new *lan chiu* heroine onto the court to play.

For sure, there was the predictable onslaught of banquet bombast and diplomatic oratory. The Americans were reminded so often of the Chinese philosophy of sport—friendship first, competition second—that they came to refer to it simply as FFCS. Their introduction to the ancient Chinese habit of toasting friendship again and again and again in flaming swigs of their explosive sorghum liqueur, Mao Tai, came at a dinner in the famed restaurant, the Peking Duck. After seven or eight gulps in honor of FFCS, the great game of basketball and "the women's team of Wahoo, Nabersaka," Quinn Buckner looked

Quinn Buckner, Linda White, Ronnie Robinson and Rich Kelley tour the Forbidden City.





And Pattiottes were dejected at defeat.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

the smiling young giants from America.

Once the formalities of international diplomacy and unspoken messages to world capitals were finished, the games began. The women from Wahoo came up against an astonishingly powerful team of stars from various physical-culture institutes around the country. The Pattiottes, mostly pretty girls in their teens, were all but blasted off the floor by the rugged, quick Chinese team, a group of skilled veterans who averaged more than 27 years old. The score the first night was 79-63, and in two more Peking games the Pattiottes fared no better, losing 65-46 and 74-62.

Though they tried bravely to find some values of friendship in their defeats, the girls from Wahoo could scarcely hide their dejection. Like the Chinese, they too wanted their play to mean more than the final score. They had come to China in the rather desperate hope that this grand tour might somehow help rescue their school, a tiny college with an enrollment of 350 that in its eight years of existence has fallen on hard times. It is facing at least a quarter-million-dollar deficit this year, and the dream was that a successful China trip and its attendant publicity might somehow trigger a new rush of students to Wahoo. Winning, it was felt, might have helped.

The U.S. men's team had no such problems. It worked smoothly together despite its short time as a unit, and the Chinese men were no match. The scores (88-59, 94-67, 95-75) were almost an in-

ternational embarrassment, as the Americans, led by Karl's drives to the basket and the superb rebounding and all-round play of Roberson, dropped in shots almost at will. The Chinese were not all that much smaller than the Americans—their largest man was 6'10" and the team averaged more than 6'3"—but generally they showed a playground style. They had adapted their fast break from the Americans but it was almost always out of control. Their defense was usually a simple man-to-man, and not very effective against the stronger and faster Americans. Although the Chinese had some fine shooters, they showed few signs of the fluid team movement that makes U.S. basketball what it is.

Bob Hopkins, assistant coach of the U.S. team and head coach at Xavier University of Louisiana in New Orleans, said, "Their whole game is geared to offense. They can shoot very well, but they don't handle the ball well and they haven't even tried to develop the basic fundamentals of footwork. Their defense is underdeveloped and their big men lack agility."

Despite such visible shortcomings, Team China was the best the country had yet produced. And happily, there were plenty of FFCs to ease the home team's losses. As one Chinese interpreter put it, "Winning teams have weaknesses and losing teams have strengths and both can learn from each other." Which, of course, was why the American fan club team was in China.

END

wonderingly at a snifter of Mao Tai and gasped, "Man, back in the States you could start your car with this stuff."

The most dramatic moment of the tour, at least diplomatically speaking, occurred at the outset of the first night's games. The leaders of the American delegation were whisked off to a reception room somewhere deep in the capital arena where they met the U.S. Ambassador himself, David Bruce, who was making his first public appearance in China. Even he did not know who would attend from the Chinese hierarchy, but at last the names were announced: Chiang Ching, the wife of Chairman Mao, and three other members of the Chinese Politburo. American diplomats gasped. It was an almost unprecedented display of Chinese diplomacy, and in a way more significant than if Premier Chou En-lai himself had appeared, for Madame Mao is severe and vigilant in detecting any softness in the Chinese position. Her appearance at an event so absolutely American-oriented as a basketball game was seen immediately as a powerful new message that China wants nothing to obstruct the progress of her rapprochement with the United States.

During the reception Madame Mao hobnobbed pleasantly with the leaders of the U.S. delegation, but at one point sent Sinologists' hearts racing. She said, "You were defeated once by another super-power and we hope it will not happen again." The reference, it was finally realized, was to the U.S. basketball team's defeat by Russia in Munich.

The reception over, Madame Mao led her comrades into the arena and proceeded to greet and shake hands with every member of the American delegations, including the swimming group, coaches, trainers, reporters and performers. It was a splendid scene of friendship, with the small, dignified first lady of China reaching up, up, up to grasp the hands of



Madame Mao, shaking hands with Kelley, made a rare appearance to greet the Americans.



PINSTripES ARE BACK IN STyLE

After years of drab mediocrity, the once lordly Yankees are again the class of their division—and colorful, too. Who else has new owners, new pitchers and benches a .400 hitter half the time

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

The Yankees. Ah, the Yankees! The Babe, Iron Man Lou and Joe D., Whitey and the Scooter and Mickey and Yogi. Monuments in center field in the great Stadium. Pennants that came in waves. The lordly Yankees in their pinstripe uniforms, always worn with the top button unbuttoned. Late summer trades for insurance. Mel Allen. The cry was "Break 'em up!" But as baseball goes, all that was generations ago.

Last Saturday afternoon at Yankee Stadium after Bobby Murcer hit a three-run homer to lead New York to its sixth victory in a row and 22nd in its last 33 games, the organism could contain himself no longer; he boomed out *It Seems Like Old Times*. It was like old times. The Yankees were in first place, seemingly out from beneath the large rock that had obscured them since 1964. In the bars and supermarkets, on the trains and subways of the nation's largest city, people were talking more about the Yankees than about the Mets. That hadn't happened in—well, it had almost never happened. Pitching Coach Jim Turner, who has spent 51 consecutive years in a pro baseball uniform, more than any man in history, said, "It's so good to walk out there before a game and see so many people with notebooks, microphones and cameras interested in us again."

Not since they won their last pennant nine years ago had the Yankees been in first place this "late" in a season. One of their players, 24-year-old Ron Blomberg, was hitting .408 to lead the world in batting. Statisticians announced that not in a quarter of a century had anyone been hitting above .400 at this stage. The two who had last done it were named Ted Williams and Stan Musial. "Wow!" said

Blomberg, learning of this, "those guys could hit."

The team that Blomberg is playing with can hit, too. Especially when it must. Already this year the Yankees have won six games by coming from behind in the seventh inning or later. "Just about the entire difference between our team now and in the last couple of seasons," said Manager Ralph Houk, "is the hitting. It's fun to sit back and see our hitters do their job."

Houk was seated in his office last Wednesday evening after the Yankees had moved into first place by half a game, his stockinged feet crossed and a can of beer on his desk. He waggled an unlit cigar in his right hand. Two photographers came in and asked him if he'd mind lighting the cigar and leaning back in his swivel chair. "It's been so long since anyone asked me for my picture after a game," said Houk, "that I probably can't even remember how to pose." He remembered, all right.

The Yankees have a new pride in themselves this season, a sense of no longer being the No. 2 team in a city that in recent years endured them primarily by stifling yawns. For a long time during their dark ages the biggest news they made was when they fired an announcer, but not now. The Yankees of 1973 are interesting in themselves. Playing in poor or threatening weather over much of last week, they drew 148,084 people to a Stadium that has received reams of bad publicity—muggings, poor parking, etc.—and is about to be renovated.

Three weeks ago the Yanks went on a spending spree and bought two pitchers to help them win in this, their 50th year at their Stadium. Sudden Sam McDowell was extracted from the San Francisco Giants for \$150,000 cash and Pat Dobson came from the Atlanta Braves for minor league players. All of a sudden, New York had a potentially strong pitching

staff in a division notably short of quality arms. By adding McDowell (now 2-0 as a Yankee) and Dobson (2-1) to Mel Stottlemyre and Fritz Peterson, General Manager Lee MacPhail had stockpiled four men who had won 20 games at one time or another in the major leagues. Facing a schedule that forced them to play 24 games with no days off in the next three weeks, the Yankees could actually boast of six starting pitchers, George Medich and Steve Kline being the other two. "It's a situation you have to feel good about," said Houk. But feeling good costs money. By adding McDowell and Dobson the Yankees also hiked their player payroll to nearly \$1.2 million.

Houk's six starters are pitching to one of the best catchers in baseball, Thurman Munson, who made it to the Yankees in 1969 with fewer than 100 games beneath his chest protector in the minors. In his rookie season Munson hit .302 and last year had more game-winning hits than any player on the club. This season he has scored more runs than anyone except Graig Nettles and Murcer and has driven in 33 runs, compared to 46 during all of last year.

No team has gotten as much run production from its designated hitters as New York. The DHs, most notably Jim Ray Hart, have driven home 44 runs, second only to Murcer's 47. Hart was purchased from the Giants in April in order to prevent a steady diet of left-handers from minimizing the team's left-handed power. Murcer, Blomberg, Nettles and Matty Alou.

From the point of view of their gate, the new Yankees are a team with considerable personality and color, instead of the faceless melanges of the recent past. The zaniest combination of this or many years—the one involving Peterson, Mike Kekich, their wives, children and dogs—was disbanded when Kekich was

retired

Against Detroit, Murcer belts a three-run homer and McDowell is belted on the back by Manager Houk for his save of the game, 3-2.

dealt off to Cleveland. But the Yankees still have a pair of Latin brothers in Matty and Felipe Alou; a Jewish wonder in Blomberg (who pronounces his name "Blomburg"), an outstanding third baseman in Nettles, who came from Cleveland in the off-season and is reaching base nearly 50% of the time; and a proven batter in Murcer, who is not only hitting for distance and average but is scoring runs and driving them in. Then there is Sparky Lyle, who has already saved more games by himself (19) than any other entire bullpen in the league. Lyle McDaniels, still going strong at 37, again resembles the McDaniels of 1970 who saved 29 games with his forkball. And there is Medich, a 24-year-old right-hander who has pitched well despite only 16 major-league starts. Medich is a med student at the University of Pittsburgh and his presence on the team reminds Yankee fans of Dr. Bobby Brown, the third baseman-heart specialist who played so well for them in the '40s and '50s. Medich's nickname, of course, is Doc.

New York began the season as the favorite to win the East Division championship but got off to a horrendous start by losing its first four games by a combined score of 32-14. "It shocked us," says Blomberg, "but we knew we were better than that and we are proving it now." At 24 Blomberg has a delightful wit, a charming smile and an awful time hitting left-handers. Counting spring training, he has managed only three hits in 53 batters against lefties, which is why Houk now stoutly declines to let him bat against them at all—whatever the game situation.

Naturally, the letters pile up on Houk's desk asking why he doesn't play Blomberg every day. "You would be amazed at how many of them there are, and how many stories are written about what a fool I am not to play Ronnie against lefties," says Houk. "But I'd be foolish to take a chance of losing a ball game by doing it." Blomberg wants to hit against left-handers but realizes the position he is in. "I'm young enough," he says, "and there is time for me to learn. When the season ended last year I went down to the Florida Instructional League to hit lefties and to learn more about playing first base. Well, there weren't that many left-handed pitchers down there, but I

sure did get a chance to field a lot of ground balls."

Blomberg is known as a prodigious eater, capable of consuming a couple of ordinary meals at a sitting or one five-pound roast. He is also a first baseman of unusual capacities, most of them negative. Once this year all he had to do to complete a triple play was catch a ball at first base. He juggled the throw. "First time I ever had a chance to even see a triple play and I blew it," he said.

As a youngster in Atlanta, where he grew up a Yankee fan, Blomberg was dropped from one Little League team because his fielding was so bad. Next day, using a different name, he went to another tryout, made the team and finished the season with a .989 batting average. He learned to hit by picking berries off a bush in front of his house, tossing them up in the air and hitting them with a stick. "But there was nobody to hit berries to me so I didn't become a good fielder," he says.

When the Yankees won their last pennant in 1964 their image was so inflated by all the years of spectacular success, it was generally accepted that somebody's grandmother could manage them. Caught up in a fierce four-team pennant chase all during the season, the team, under Berra, took command in September by winning 11 straight. It was New York's 14th pennant in 16 years. That August it was announced that the Columbia Broadcasting System was buying the Yankees from co-owners Dan Topping and Del Webb for \$13.2 million. The association was a near disaster from the outset. Shea Stadium had opened next door to the World's Fair in 1964 and the Mets were drawing more than 1,700,000 to the new ball park on their way to a 10th-place finish as well as a third consecutive season in which they would lose 100 games or more. Met attendance was nearly half a million higher with a last-place team than the Yankees with an exciting first-place team involved all summer in a pennant race.

Bobby Murcer was signed in June of 1964. Like Mantle, Murcer was from Oklahoma and, like Mantle, he was signed by scout Tom Greenwade. What swang him to the Yankees, he says, "was the idea that you would get a World Series check every year. You could just about bank on that. But when I came up

in 1965 it was like I was some kind of an omen. The World Series supply for the Yankees had dried up."

Murcer joined the team as a shortstop and failed. Actually, his chances of living up to advance billing verged on the impossible. He was constantly being compared to his idol, Mantle. "It was tough going," he says now. By the end of 1966 he had a total of only 33 games in the majors. He lost 1967 and 1968 to the service, and when he came out for 1969 the Yankees were clearly a struggling club.

In 1969, of course, the Mets won the World Series while the Yankees finished fifth. The Mets by then were pulling more than two million a year and the Yankees barely a million.

"Some of us went through some rough times together," Murcer recalls, "but we learned about each other. In 1970 we finished second and last year we were in the race until very late. We just didn't have enough good players to win it."

Murcer is right about that, but there is an important difference between the 1970 and '72 performances. Houk had to keep his foot on the accelerator all of 1970 lest he lose sight of the Baltimore Orioles going around a curve in the distance. But last year the Yankees were in the race because Detroit and Boston played so-so and Baltimore just plain flopped. By the start of this year, the Yankees looked like a first-place team in a weak division.

Murcer tends to be critical of himself. "I'm hitting so bad," he said the other day, "that I've broken 12 bats in 15 games. I even went and got one that was made in 1965 and broke it the first time up." Notwithstanding, he had his batting average up to .285 and was a source of joy to the Yankees' new owners. In the off-season, George Steinbrenner and a group that came largely from Cleveland bought the Yankees from CBS. Steinbrenner watched his Pinstripes move last week and was pleased. So was Murcer. "I have a feeling about this team," he said, "a feeling that all the bad things are in the past, that we can win just like the Yankees are supposed to." **END**

Lefty McDowell began by winning first two Yankee starts while Dabson was 2-1 for new owner Steinbrenner; who watches with wife.



OLD RUGGED MOTOCROSS

Filled with racing's religious fervor, a crowd of thousands welcomed world-class cycling as a noisy mystical kick **by ROBERT F. JONES**

Tucked in among the road signs along the San Diego Freeway just south of San Clemente is one that reads MOTOCROSS NEXT RIGHT. At first glance a traveler stoned on the high speeds and heavy traffic of the freeway might think, "Aha. Probably the new Vatican of another freaky Southern California religion. Motocross. Sure, they crucify a mechanical Jesus built of engine parts and then drink the crankcase oil to wash down wafer-sized bits of chrome."



Well, motocross is a religion, all right, but nothing quite that exotic. The "moto" part comes from the French slang for motorcycle, and the "cross" from cross-country. Put them together in the manner that top European and American motocross riders did in Carlsbad, Calif. last week and you have the world's first two-wheeled, two-stroke, gasoline-burning mystical experience, complete with levitation (when the bikes get airborne, which is most of the time), walking on water (as they ride flat out through mudholes) and transubstantiation (at the end of a race a rider looks more like a tan plaster saint than a mere human being).

The occasion was the Hang Ten United States Moto-Cross Grand Prix, the first race of its kind ever run in America that counted toward the world championship of the sport. In Europe, where motocross originated, that championship falls only a car length short of the world drivers' championship for Grand Prix racers in terms of adulation, if not the money that it brings to its winner. Thus all the best European dirt riders were on hand at Carlsbad—Belgians, Frenchmen, Swedes, Finns, Czechs, Germans of both the Eastern and Western persuasions, plus a gang of Americans who had achieved expert ranking in this most physically demanding of motor sports. And to cheer them on were fully 50,000 rabid, oil-stained converts to the Church of Jump and Slide, the largest crowd ever to attend an American motocross event. And certainly the most enthusiastic: under a sun that raised temperatures to 108° and dust as thick as the fallout from Krakatoa, they consumed vast quantities of grass and beer (the central sacraments of this new religion), quaking and shaking in their fervor like so many 19th-century transcendentalists.

The principal quaker and shaker of the crowd's enthusiasm was Roger de Coster, a 29-year-old Belgian who had won the world title for Team Suzuki two years running and was now in the lead for his third championship. De Coster speaketh in many tongues—French, Flemish, English and German, to be precise—but there is nothing in a motocross rider, they race in at least 13 countries per season. More

to the point is de Coster's incredible balance on a bike, racking along at up to 70 mph over a course like Carlsbad's that consists of 1.7 miles of rock, ruts, ankle-deep dirt and greasy or glutinous mud.

"Unlike most motor sports," de Coster says, "motocross demands more of the man than of the machine. You can have the best bike in the world, but you must know the ups and downs of the course—and I mean that literally."

Motocross fanatics like to compare their sport with marathon running and steeplechase riding, and they have a point. Each moto lasts 45 minutes, and two heats are run per race, thus yielding a total of an hour and a half of rumpounding, shoulder-busting, ankle-twisting exertion. Before the lighter two-stroke machines came in about 10 years ago, motocross champions were huge men built more like weight lifters than jockeys. Even now, to one familiar with the light builds common in motor racing, motocross riders seem abnormally large. One exception is de Coster, who stands only 5' 10" and weighs a tidy 165 pounds. Still, his hands are huge, scarred and calloused—the hallmark of the sport, thanks to the constant clutch-squeezing and braking on a mount that generates more vibration in one lap than all the broncs in a full season of rodeo.

"I started riding trails when I was 16," de Coster recalls, "and my main competition was Jacky Ickx, who is now in Formula 1 racing. Jacky is quite small but he has splendid balance, and he won the championship of our division that first year. I won it the next. Then we both tried motocross, but he didn't fit in. My main competition now is another Belgian, Jaak Van Velthoven, who stands about 6' 2" and can really exert leverage on a bike through jumps."

Van Velthoven rides a Yamaha in the 500-cc. class and at the start of the Carlsbad proceedings lay third to de Coster in the point standings, with 56 to de Coster's 84. This year, for the first time, points won in each heat count toward the championship, with 15 going to the winner, 12 for second place, 10 for third and so on through the first 10 finishers. In second place with 62 points was West Germany's Willy Bauer, riding a super-short-stroke Masco. "You don't want to ride behind a Masco too long," said one expert. "They kick a rooster tail full of rocks and dirt that gets discouraging."

Of the Americans in the field, the most

experienced and best mounted were Brad Lackey of Team Kawasaki and young Jim Pomeroy, riding for the Spanish Bul-taco team, the only American ever to win a world championship Grand Prix race—in Spain, fittingly enough, earlier this season. Still, for all the American enthusiasm attending the event, the smart money had to ride with the Europeans, who really own the sport.

During qualifying the day before the race Roger the Roughrider won the pole handily with a time of 1:42.0, nearly a second faster than Pierre Karsmakers, a Dutchman presently living in California and leading the American National Motocross Championship for 500-cc. bikes. Bauer qualified third while Van Velthoven suffered a balky ride that placed him eighth on the grid. Well, not exactly a grid. More a line of cavalry about to charge. The start of any Carlsbad motocross is nothing less than a mass drag race by a field of 40 into the first corner, a 180-degree lefthander that compresses the racers into a bumping, jumping clot of meat and metal, only one lump of which will emerge in the lead.

At the start de Coster beat the mob through the corner, but Roger's Masco was right on his tail pipe, and Roger could not shake him. Coming down a steep hill on the fourth lap, the German nipped past and took a lead that he was not to relinquish throughout the remaining 35 minutes of the first moto. In third place came John Banks, a burly Briton who is known as The Baron, and Van Velthoven finished only a second later.

In the second race de Coster popped his left-side shock absorber and was instantly retired to the pits. "It's not really Carlsbad," he quipped mournfully. "It is, how you say, Carlsbawt!" That left the day wide open for Smooth Willy, who had a little dice at the start with American Gary Jones on a Honda but quickly showed his ascendancy once again. He won by a handy margin of 18 seconds. Thus it was 30 points on the day for Bauer to only 12 for de Coster, and as the high priests of motocross departed California, the Belgian was only four points ahead of Bauer in the world championship standings. The day's top American was Lackey, who finished eighth. The California faithful had had quite a day but it would be as nothing, when it comes to religious fervor, compared to the next race on the schedule. It is in West Germany, Bauer's very own parish. **END**

Charging fast: Germany's Bauer (top) closed the gap on world champ de Coster (below).

DARK FORTNIGHT FOR WIMBLEDON...

A ban and a boycott ruin the field for the premier event of tennis as trouble over the man from Split reads the men's game

by JOE JARES

There is nothing in tennis to compare with Wimbledon, where every hallowed square inch of grass is manicured with fingernail sensors, where beneath the traditional tent rich cream is laded over strawberries that seem to have bloomed right off Julie Andrews' cheeks, where winning on Centre Court is like being knighted by Escalibur's touch. Once a year, for the fortnight of the All-England Championships, the very soul of Great Britain takes leave of Westminster Abbey and vacations at this shrine of lawn tennis. Surely, then, the reports last week of a labor dispute with the players were just silly rumors. Boycotts and strikes are things for the Liverpool docks or the factories of Birmingham, not Wimbledon. But last week 82 men tennis pros, including defending champion Stan Smith and 12 of the other 15 top seeds, did indeed boycott Wimbledon, turning the greatest tennis tournament in the world into little more than another stop on the Virginia Slims women's circuit, with an auxiliary of male strikebreakers.

Most of the boycotters were members of the Association of Tennis Professionals, an organization less than a year old and the most promising—and threatening—of the various player groups that have been started in the last 15 years. The ostensible reason for the boycott was to support Nikkī Pilic of Yugoslavia, who had been banned from Wimbledon, but really it was a test case, probably the first of many battles to be fought between the ATP and the International Lawn Tennis Federation for control of professional tennis.

Yugoslavia seems to be a birthplace of wars. World War I started with the assassination at Sarajevo. The great tennis war of 1973 started last month in Zagreb, the site of one of the more obscure sporting events of the year, a Davis Cup match

between Yugoslavia and New Zealand. Pilic, whose hometown is appropriately named Split, did not show up. New Zealand won 3-1 and the Yugoslavian Tennis Association, headed by Pilic's uncle, let out a scream heard round the world, or at least as far away as Barons Court, London, headquarters of the ILTF. There it was decided that Pilic would be banned for a year.

The ATP, whose president is Cliff Drysdale of South Africa and whose executive director is ex-pro champ Jack Kramer, insisted that its members had the right to refuse to play Davis Cup matches, that Pilic had not committed himself to play in Zagreb and that even if Pilic had signed the ATP should do the punishing. The French championships in Paris should have been the battleground, but the French found an excuse. They couldn't oust Nikkī because his case was under appeal. The players were ready to boycott at the Italian championships in Rome, but Pilic was allowed to play because the tournament had already started when the final ILTF ruling was made.

As the players arrived in England for the various warmup tournaments leading to Wimbledon, Kramer was busy negotiating with the ILTF, which reduced Pilic's suspension to one month, starting June 1, but would not budge another millimeter. It was supported by the men who run Wimbledon.

"We are backing a body that represents world lawn tennis," said Sir Herman David, chairman of the club. "ATP cannot replace a world governing body."

Cliff Drysdale spent a weekend debating with President Allan Heyman and other ILTF officials, and the feeling was that somehow Wimbledon, which after all started open tennis in 1968 in defiance of the ILTF, would be "saved."



"I cannot believe that both sides will be so stubborn as to undermine the greatest tournament of all," said Drysdale.

"It was the International Federation that chose Wimbledon as the battlefield," he said later. "They suspended Pilic until July 1, five days after the start of Wimbledon. Had they lifted his suspension before Monday there would have been no trouble. They were inflexible from start to finish."

Early last week ATP and Pilic filed suit in the British High Court, asking for an injunction to lift the ban. The judge, Sir Hugh Forbes, ruled that there had been "no breach of natural justice," refused to reinstate Pilic and ordered him to pay all costs, estimated at \$11,000. The attitude of the British public and the British press was, "All right, mates, you've had a fair trial and lost, so let's get on with the game."

The players, most of whom were gathered at the Queen's Club in London for a tournament, were disappointed at the decision and angered by the reaction. They had been seeking to have the ban lifted, not to have the right or wrong of Pilic's case decided. The night of the court decision the ATP board met at the Westbury Hotel and voted 7-1 (two abstained) to go through with the boycott.

The next morning, Wednesday, Pilic



Heading toward home across the gloomy grounds of London Airport. Nicki Pilić splits

packed his bags and tried to get through to Yugoslavian Airlines on the telephone. Each time he picked up the phone the *Evening Standard* or *The Guardian* would be on the other end firing questions. At last he made his reservation, checked out and headed for the airport in a taxi, a photographer on the jump seat shooting pictures of him all the way, a reporter on the other jump seat trying to turn the conversation to the boycott.

Sick of being in the limelight and fed up with being a "guinea pig," Pilić seemed pleased to have the company but preferred to talk about his new restaurant in Split. He did say he would be ready to fly back if he were reinstated.

There were glimmers of hope at Queen's Club, too. In the pressroom and in the lounge upstairs where players and rackets lay scattered over the premises, the rumors buzzed. When ATP Treasurer Arthur Ashe came hurrying through and was asked, "What's up?" he answered, "A lot." Eldon Griffiths, Britain's Minister for Sport, had stepped in at week's end to try to save the situation and was talking with Kramer and Drysdale.

There was at least one precedent for a government official breaking in on a tennis dispute. In 1928 the USLTA banned Bill Tilden for "professionalism," i.e., writing a series of articles for a handsome

fee. The U.S. was about to meet France in the Davis Cup Challenge Round, so France, fearful of a fiasco at the gate, appealed to the U.S. Ambassador, Myron Herrick, who in turn ordered the USLTA to forgive Tilden.

But Griffiths did not have as much clout as the old U.S. Ambassador to France and could do nothing to save the situation. Wimbledon Referee Mike Gibson finally gave up Friday morning and put out a new men's draw. No. 1 was the Nastase of Rumania, an ATP member who said he had been ordered to play by his national association. No. 2: Jan Kodes of Czechoslovakia. No. 3, and the one resented most by ATP Englishman Roger Taylor

Taylor is an ATP member who happens to live in a lovely house by Wimbledon Common, so close to Centre Court that, when the wind is in the right quarter, he can hear from his front door the snap-snipping of the maneuvering sensors. At first he said he would go along with the boycott but declined to sign a withdrawal form. His wife plainly wanted him to play, and the British Lawn Tennis Association sent him and countryman Mark Cox identical messages:

"As an Englishman you may feel that to an even greater extent than overseas players you are under an obligation to

respect the decision of a British court."

Friday morning, not long before the deadline for the new draw, Taylor phoned Mike Gibson and said he was boycotting. Minutes later he rang back and said, "I'll play." Cox, however, stayed with the union.

"The ATP took the thing to the courts with the most honorable intentions but didn't abide by the decision," Taylor reasoned. "I consider myself an ATP member. Obviously, there is a bit of tension, to say the least. I would hope they'd give me the freedom of choice."

Taylor also said he would donate any Wimbledon winnings to the ATP and would refuse any Commercial Union Grand Prix points. Still, he and Nastase knew they would have to face the association's disciplinary committee, headed by Sean Smith. And worse than that will be the continuing key treatment they are likely to get from their colleagues. Ironically, at the Queen's Club on Saturday, the two met in what some described as an all-club final. Taylor got a standing ovation from the crowd when he appeared on the court, then lost to Nastase, who had not been at all weakened by the ballgirl Deliahs who had taken snippets of his hair during the week. It could be the same pair meeting for a Wimbledon men's championship that isn't going to mean much.

There were still other bad omens for Wimbledon around the Queen's Club last week. Larry King, husband of Billie Jean King, and Dennis Murphy, one of the founders of the American Basketball Association and the World Hockey Association, were busy giving sales talks to Stan Smith and others on behalf of their latest scheme, World Team Tennis. Their first draft will be held in New York in August and their first season is being tentatively set for May, June and July 1974. Wimbledon happens to fall in that period. And Thursday night the women gathered at the Gloucester Hotel in London and formed an as yet unnamed association of their own. It claims 61 members and is headed by Billie Jean King.

It is clear that even if Wimbledon survives the next few years of union battles and remains the greatest tennis event in the world, the ILTF is doomed to lose to the pros a good chunk, and maybe all, of its power over the professional game. The fire fight was triggered by the man from Split, but it was bound to happen soon anyway.

END

... AND CLOUDY DAYS FOR CHRIS

She was never exactly Little Miss Sunshine, but she was radiant in her fashion as she swept through her first pro tournaments. Then she went to Europe—and the game got tougher **by DORA JANE HAMBLIN**

The scrubbed, blue-blazered English schoolboy approached politely to ask, "Miss Evert, may I have your autograph?"

He had prepared one page of his book carefully, printing in the margins the most extravagant compliments as his command: "Chris the Queen," "Chris the Magnificent." Chris Evert laughed and signed her name. Then she noticed a dramatic scrawl on the facing page and asked the boy, "Whose signature is that?"

"That's Rosie Casals," he said.

He reached for the book but Chris held on to it for a moment. She looked hard at both pages, shrugged ruefully and remarked, "I write just like a schoolgirl." Unspoken in the mannered reserve of a warm English tennis day was the rest of the sentence, "... and I guess I do a lot of other things the same way."

Chris Evert, girl tennis pro, with her mother as traveling companion, was midway through a European tour that might still turn into a triumph. But on the eve of Wimbledon the experience had been harsh and bewildering, a rough stretch of road on the way to becoming an adult both on and off the court.

Fresh from triumphant travels across the U.S., four heady months during which the 18-year-old made her professional debut and scooped up six wins out of seven starts—plus \$41,000—she first came to grief in the French Open. There in the early June finals, Australia's veteran Margaret Court snatched away a heart-stopper after two tie-breakers, 6-7, 7-6, with a clear 6-4 win in the final set.

A week later at the Italian Open in

Rome, old rival Evonne Goolagong, whom Chris had repeatedly vanquished in the U.S., squeaked out a tie-break 7-6 in the first set of the finals and then swept Chris off the courts with a smashing 6-0. After that match a beaming Evonne confided, "I never have played so well on clay," and Chris commented sadly, "All of a sudden they're all playing exceptionally well against me."

Britain's Virginia Wade then made it three in a row on the fast grass of Nottingham, England, on the otherwise bright and sunny afternoon of June 15, and six days later came the nadir, a quarterfinal loss in the Queen's Club tournament to Julie Heldman, who had not been doing well and was about to give up the tour. In a way, that defeat was less meaningful than the one by Wade at Nottingham, which occurred in the semifinals. A rampaging Virginia opened proceedings with a ringing ace that left Chris flat-footed, and went on to a stunning 6-1, 6-2 victory (Playing less brilliantly the next day, Wade lost the finals to Billie Jean King 8-6, 6-4.)

It was one of those days on which Wade could do no wrong and Evert could do no right. "I felt helpless out there, just helpless," Chris said tremulously. "I've never felt like that on a tennis court before. Never."

June 15 also happened to be her mother's birthday, and they had booked a long-distance call to Fort Lauderdale to talk to Chris' father and teacher, Jimmy Evert. Chris didn't dare talk to him for fear she would cry, and all Mom could think of to comfort her was, "It's good experience, Chrissie."

And so, perhaps, it was. Two hours

later a far less lethargic Chris, freshly clad and coiffed, took the Nottingham courts beside The Netherlands' towering Betty Stove and unleashed not only her famous two-handed backhand but also a series of deep, delicate lobs, some presentable put-aways at the net and a much steadied service, to contribute more than her share to a venal victory in the ladies' doubles—an event in which she is somewhat less than world class. When a surprised and pleased Stove threw one long arm around the shoulders of her partner after the match, Chris broke her on-court poker face for a broad smile, which brought smiles and applause from the crowd. (But the finals produced, instead of smiles, a 6-2, 9-7 defeat by Billie Jean King and Rosie Casals.)

Her poker face and her lack of fire—even when she is winning—are among her present problems. As the child prodigy who achieved the finals at Forest Hills at 16 and Wimbledon at 17, Chris became accustomed to the role of court pet, that nice girl from down the block who played tennis with the cool efficiency of an obedient straight-A student. As a fledgling pro hunting for the paying customers on more-or-less even terms with the breathtaking grace of a Goolagong, the on-court monologues and grimaces of a King, the swoops and scrambles of a Casals, the erratic thunder and lightning of an aroused Wade, Chris Evert suddenly found herself pigeonholed by European tennis buffis as another of those "mechanical," "faceless" American lady players. All of which can be highly

AT NOTTINGHAM Virginia Wade attacked with zest and a surprised Chrissie came crashing

bewildering to a former court pet.

Chris Evert still plays the long, relatively slow, baseline game to which both she and clay courts are particularly adapted. She avoids the net, has yet to develop a killing service, and feels three-footed on both hard courts and grass. There are a lot of both in Europe, and Chris is chewing over the situation as quietly and unobtrusively as she chews her gum during a match.

"Being a pro isn't that much of a big deal for me," she says, "but it does seem to increase the pressure a lot. Like, all of them are going for me now. I can feel it, you know. Of course I like to earn the money, but I don't play tennis for the money."

Most of the \$41,000 she won in the U.S. is in a bank in Fort Lauderdale, and the money—maybe \$15,000—she will pick up in Europe will no doubt join it. "It all happened so fast I don't know what I want to do with the money," she says. With her very first \$10,000, won last February on her home courts in Fort Lauderdale, she blew herself to three new outfits ("At least she didn't buy 10 of them, and she got good value for what she paid," said her mother approvingly), spent \$20 for some fancy shoes for her sister Jeanne, and bought presents for everyone else in the family. When his brother Drew, 19, came home from college to see her play, she offered to lend him the brand-new Curliss Supreme that

tournament sponsors had given her the day before play began.

So casual is she about money that in Akron she completely forgot to pick up her \$6,000 winner's check until friends in an airport-bound taxi reminded her that she should. Perhaps forgetfulness runs in the family. Her mother Colette recalls with horror that a few years ago she and her husband took Drew, Chrissie and Jeanne off to a junior tournament along with their then youngest offspring, John, who was too small to lift a racket much less play the game. In the hassle of overseeing the three sibling smashers, they kept ignoring John, who occasionally had to ask a friendly spectator to take him to the main gate be-

crisis/mood





COMPANIONS ON HER EUROPEAN TOUR WERE JIMMY CONNORS AND HER MOTHER COLETTE

cause "I think they've forgotten me."

Far more interesting than her bank balance to Chris at the moment is a subsidiary commercial venture in tennis dresses bearing her name and manufactured by Puritan Fashions. Ever since Gusse Moran's fancy pants helped switch ladies' tennis to one part style show for each two parts sweat and scramble, most of the girls have gone in for dainty raiment on court. In this league Chris Evert has hardly a peer. She travels with 20 different outfits (size 8) and hair ribbons to match. She plays decked with nail polish, eye makeup and earrings firmly affixed in pierced ears. When her left hand isn't fully involved in helping the right to zing over those radar-guided backhands, it is carried outward in so ladylike a posture that one half expects a china teacup to levitate into it between points.

Nowadays the dresses she wears all bear her own Puritan label, and she tends to identify photographs of herself in terms of "that's last year's dress" or "that's the same dress as that other picture. . . ."

"Endorsements are a fringe benefit," she explains, "and I don't mean just the money. It's another interest, something to do. Like if I play bad or something, I can think about my dresses. What if I didn't like tennis any more, or got married, or something? It's a whole new career, the dresses." Now and again she has tried rudimentary sketching of tennis clothes, but she refuses either to show or tell. "That's a pretty big field, designing.

I like to talk about it to the real designers, and usually we agree. You know, flared skirts, sort of low necks, cute little tops or jackets with the skirt pattern repeated. It's neat."

Carefully restrained by her prudent parents ("We don't want her to make too much money. She might marry the wrong man," quips Mom), Chris has only one other contract, with Wilson Sporting Goods. The company has a Chris Evert racket in production but at the moment it is not as deluxe a model as the Billie Jean King, the wooden racket Chris currently uses. She intends no switch to steel, and she does not resent it at all that the Billie Jean is a higher-powered model than her own.

"If I get better, if I win some of the big ones, then probably they'll make a better racket with my name," she says. She looks forward with pleasure to the end of 1973, when there will be just one women's professional tour combining her own "Ev and Chrissie Show" (blessed by the USLTA) and the older Virginia Slims circuit featuring King, Casals and Court. "It's got to be better for me, and for tennis, if we all play with Billie Jean and those guys," says Chris. "But the draws are going to be something. There'll be 200 women players wanting in."

On the European tour Chris did not mix at all with "Billie Jean and those guys." In the professional bull sessions between matches, in the casual off-court encounters, Chris just wasn't there. She admitted being lonesome for her young-

er sister Jeanne, with whom she chums around in the U.S. ("Every time they have an argument, Chris tells Jeanne. 'There goes your doubles partner,'" says her mother), and she struck up a warm and brief friendship in Paris with Soviet player Olga Morozova, but she just is not a natural mixer.

One reason for her isolation is obvious: young Chris is taking on not only the world of professional tennis, the world of commerce, and the color-loving European tennis fans, but also her first serious interest in a young man. He is Jimmy Connors, 20, third-ranked U.S. men's player and so devoted a suitor that after he and Chris met exactly one year ago at the Queen's Club tournament in England—at which Chris won the ladies' singles and Jimmy the men's—he moved from St. Louis to Florida to be closer to her.

Jimmy is her practice partner, her beau, her buffer and her alter ego. Though there are rumors that he has an ulcer, and though it is a fact that he twitches a bit on court, he is a caring, teasing, occasionally God-involving crowd-pleaser. Off-court he calls almost all women "Ma'am," cheerfully fetches ice cream cones for painting spectators, picks up babies and exhorts autograph-signing Chris to "smile when you do that."

"Jimmy is an extrovert like my sister Jeanne," says Chris, almost enviously. "He gets along with perfect strangers. I'm not that kind. It isn't that I'm shy. I like people. I like children. But I just can't go up and say, 'Hi, I'm Chris.' You know what I mean? It isn't my personality. Jimmy says funny things on court and everybody laughs. If I said them, they wouldn't be funny."

"In fact," she added thoughtfully, "if I ever said anything funny everyone would collapse from shock."

Not quite true. Chris shares the family talent for the modest quip. Question: Is there anyone you particularly enjoy playing with? Answer: Anyone I can beat. Question: Have you seen this cover picture of yourself? Answer: No. What did I do?

But mostly she relies upon Jimmy to be funny, to give her a nuzzle at the net, to provide the kind of comfort a warm family is always willing to give but equally willing to relinquish to a larger world. She teases him about being a dropout—he left UCLA after a year—but she also

dismisses college for herself. "Not now, Maybe never. I just want to play tennis. There are so many tournaments—all year round, now. It's still fun for me, especially in the early rounds. It's so great to win, such a relief. And such a disappointment when I lose."

For one moment in the gloom of defeat at Nottingham there was temporarily no Jimmy to toss half an ice cream cone into the air and call out that "food fights are fun." There was no father right there to tell her to watch her grip on the forehand. And Mom was trying desperately to walk the tightrope between mother and secretary-companion, terrified of doing damage to either the Chris Evert who is her little girl or the Chris Evert of the big time: "She's 18 now. I can only make suggestions. . . ."

Chris was grappling alone with the dilemma. There was never, though it hung in the air, even an echo of the word "slump." She knows the word. Everybody who is willing to throw his specific skills, meager or mighty, against a particular craft, knows the word, and knows the dread weight of it. Slump must be instantly engaged in combat, yet its roots are amorphous and the battle is diffuse.

"Maybe I play better in America, at least I feel more at home there," she said. "It's like I know the territory, you know, I feel comfortable. . . ."

"But next year, back in Paris or Rome or Nottingham it will be like coming home again. You'll know those places, too," a friend suggested.

Chris brightened. "Maybe. Yes, maybe. Like I'll know how the telephone operates, I'll know where the practice courts are, and that there aren't any washcloths in the hotels. Sometimes not even soap. And grass. Oh, those grass courts. Anybody could lose on grass. You know that? I feel terrible if I get beaten on clay because I feel I should have won. But grass. . . ."

"My father always says to hang in there, keep going. He's right, and I know it. I can get better. When I played at Forest Hills and I was 16, people kept talking about my peak and when I would reach it. I've never thought much about that, or when it would come. I've never even thought how long I would play tennis, or what things I had to win. I still don't know, but I want to keep on playing. If it stopped being interesting I would stop."

"Billie Jean and those guys, well, they're almost 30 now, aren't they? Some day they'll get pregnant, or something, and then it will be my turn. If they keep playing into my forehand, which isn't as good as my backhand, then it will get better, won't it? And if I keep playing doubles then I must learn to volley, and that will get better. Now the pressure is off. Now I am looking forward to Wimbledon because like I've already lost some matches and I don't have that feeling of 'You've got to win this one because you haven't lost.'"

And what about the quality of "relax," as the Italians call it, the simple human gesture of fun or frailty that wars hearts if not matches?

"Don't want for me to throw my racket," says Chris almost ruefully. "That just isn't me. And don't expect me to use bad words or clown around."

On the very day that both Chris Evert and Jimmy Connors lost their matches in the Nottingham semifinals, the U.S.'s notably relaxed Tom Gorman borrowed a bright red cap from Chris' Mom and wore it onto the court to tease his opponent, Frew McMillan of South Africa, who always wears a neat white cap to hold his hair in place while he plays. Gorman's antic brought chuckles from the crowd and a real yuk from fellow players, but it didn't help his game; he lost the match.

Chris' fans may yearn for the day on which she too can let herself go and indulge in such simple fun on the court, but what if she also lost the match? The choice—or combination of choices—may burn bright in the hearts of those who love tennis, but in the end it must be made by the young woman Chris Evert becomes. **END**



IT'S BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD—AS A BUDDING DESIGNER OF TENNIS CLOTHES



The man who first tied something to the end of a string just to watch it fly may have been a Chinese farmer, and what he probably flew was his own straw hat. In the 2,000 years since, kings and generals, thieves and scientists have devised countless practical uses for kites, from mollifying demons to delivering mail. The mysterious appeal of a kite was described in the poem of a ninth century Buddhist monk: "My kite rises to celestial regions, My soul enters the abode of bliss." The kite fanciers on the following pages, who took part in the Smithsonian's Kite Carnival, might not have phrased it as lyrically, but they would have understood.

A kite-eating tree has a wait for interested kites of all ages and complexions.



Midshipmen use leg power to launch their 14-foot barrage kite.







INTO THE TAME BLUE YONDER

Washington, D.C. this particular season seemed as suitable a venue for a kite festival as Gomorrah for a tea dance, but man and kites and halmy days being what they are, the Smithsonian Institution's seventh annual Kite Carnival came off, nonetheless, as unpolitical as anything that's happened in the capital since 1908, when Gabby Street caught the 14th baseball thrown to him from the top of the Washington Monument.

On the broad lawn at the foot of the monument, just across the Ellipse from the White House, 176 kite fanciers gathered on a spring morning to engage in informal competition and to talk with kindred spirits about Jallbert parafols, 16-cell tetrahedrons and the lack of wind. There was a gentle breeze, two or three knots at best, enough for light flat kites or Indian fighters but not nearly enough to lift a showstopping tetrahedron. So the big guys held back hoping for the wind to pick up, and the early judging was devoted mostly to kids and neophytes, like the woman whose entry was a lavender-and-apple-green nylon extravaganza, long on dressmaking but woefully short on aerodynamic principle.

Flying higher and steadier than any other was Fred Klein's tricolor flat kite with 30-foot paper streamers fluttering behind. "It's four feet across, made of two spruce-wood sticks and madras tissue," said Klein. "Very light for its size. If anything flies today this one will." As ticket sales manager for United Airlines, Klein travels a good deal, and when he does he takes along a collapsible Brazilian bird kite. He once flew it from Cook's monument in Tahiti and says it "really knocked their eyes out."

There must be as many reasons for flying kites as there are kite flyers, and certainly the satisfaction that comes from knocking out Tahiti's eyes is as good

as any. A sculptor from Virginia Commonwealth University, Charles Henry specializes in assemblages of machine parts that move and make noise. But there is obviously a corner of his soul that craves for a more lyrical medium because his kite was a graceful white bird with 18-foot wings made of parachute nylon and fiber-glass rods that flexed and spread, seeming to breathe as it rose. David Fales sells geodesic dome kits for a Long Island company and one day found himself with a bunch of leftover spoke-shaped hubs, meant to form the joints of a dome, and decided to make something with them. The result was his 6-foot-high, 16-cell tetrahedral kite that weighed only three pounds and sparkled like a diamond when the sunlight caught its silver mylar panels. The original designer, said Fales, was Alexander Graham Bell. "But one of his kites had 3,400 cells, was 40 feet across and carried a man to 168 feet."

At 1:05 the wind fell momentarily to a whisper, and kite after kite streaked from side to side as if trying to shake off a tether and then dived headlong to the ground in disgust. A 110-foot bronze mylar dragon, which had been streaming nicely back and forth past the monument, suddenly sailed into the tangled branches of a tree, drawn surely by evil spirits. However, Andrea Bahadur, proprietress of the dragon and New York's Go Fly A Kite Store, gave her line a few expert jigs and the kite slithered out of the tree and into a heap on the grass. Others, especially the paper kites, did not hold up so well, and the kite hospital—a picnic table staffed by a 14-year-old boy with his arm in a sling—was kept busy dispensing tape and sympathy.

By two o'clock the wind had proved so unpredictable that contestants were being allowed to create their own by running the length of the judging area, letting out line, a practice frowned on in more formal competitions. The judges made what they could out of categories like takeoff and climb, and let angle and stability go by the boards.

At a microphone on a tiny stand stood

Paul Garber, the 73-year-old historian emeritus of the National Air and Space Museum, where the *Spirit of St. Louis* flies eternally among the rafters. In 1918 Garber was one of those young lunatics who joined the brand-new Postal Aviation Service, and his head has been in the clouds ever since. An old-fashioned patriot who thinks there's nothing wrong with America that flying a kite won't cure, Garber cajoles the carnival into being each year almost singlehandedly. All day long he provided tidbits of aeronautical lore, pruned, advised, joked ("Don't get excited. Remember, a sport is a drip under pressure"), relocated displaced parents ("There's a lost child over here who thinks his name is Benjamin. He's not sure his name is Benjamin but he is sure he's lost") and, finally, handed out the trophies.

The trophy situation grew a little ticklish when it became clear that a family of five named Brown had accumulated enough points to walk off with almost every prize in sight. But just as the last presentation was ending there arose behind the speaker's stand a gigantic red, white and blue striped barrage kite, a sort of double box kite shaped like a WW I biplane. At first, it seemed to be flying under its own power. Then several young men, wearing dark suits, white shirts and ties, appeared from behind the stand, running hard and trailing the wondrous contraption behind them. Seven Annapolis midshipmen, led by Neal Guernsey, an aero-engineering major from Detroit, had huilt the kite to enter in the carnival but had stumbled over Naval Academy red tape when they tried to get authorization to leave Annapolis. "It was an unofficial project," said Guernsey, "and besides our ride didn't show up on time." Arriving at the monument grounds too late to enter their creation and without enough wind to get it up, the midshipmen on a good show anyway. As long as their legs held out the kite flew, not high but steadily. The reward, better than a trophy, was a bunch of awestruck Cub Scouts. It really knocked their eyes out.

—SARAH PELLEGR

Fluky winds meant some folks never got their kites off the ground, while others wished they hadn't, but most went home happy, dragging their tails behind them.

In our unending quest," croons Marty Lupton, the voice of the International Track Association, as a spotlight sweeps crazily around the track at the bottom of Oklahoma City's Myriad Coliseum and comes to rest unsteadily upon two black men posed above starting blocks, "in our ceaseless quest to find the fastest man in pro football, we have here to-night, first, the Heisman Trophy runner-up from the University of Oklahoma, now with the Cleveland Browns. Will you welcome Mr. Greg Pruitt?"

The ensuing shrieks obliterate the second man's introduction, but in fact there is no need to listen. The other man is Bob Hayes.

They remove their sweat suits. It has been nine years since Hayes completed in public wearing anything but a football uniform, nine years since he won a gold medal in the 100-meter dash at the Tokyo Olympics. He is broader in the back, narrower in the calves. The surfaces of his body seem smoother. "He looks fat," says one spectator.

He looks calm. While warning up he had jived with Wyomia Tyus Simburg (she won the 100 in Tokyo and Mexico City) and 1972 Olympian Lacey O'Neal, chiding them for living in such out of the way places as Los Angeles and Washington, D.C. "We traveling people, we got to live central. Now, Wyomia, you married a white dude. You'd have one or two problems in the Big D, but Dallas is neat everywhere. Two hours to L.A. Same to New York. You don't gometen' up your clock all the time."

Now Hayes and Pruitt arrange themselves with delicate ritual in their blocks. It is a fast gun and they are off together, Hayes coming out low with the familiar astonishing wode placement of his feet, his shoulders rolling with that peculiar lurching rhythm. The race is a footballer's distance, 40 yards. At 30, Hayes bolts ahead, winning by 2½ feet in 4.5 seconds. Before he has even reached the tape Lacey and Wyomia are off their chairs at the side of the track, moving to Hayes' beat, dipping their right shoulders, imitating that distinctive gallop. In a few seconds it becomes a dance.

In this manner Bob Hayes won 14 of his 15 races on the ITA pro circuit, losing only to Oakland's Cliff Branch in Portland the day after Hayes had lifted weights for the first time in a new Dallas Cowboy off-season conditioning program. In Salt Lake City he recorded his

best time, a 4.3, of which Curt Mesher, a member of the Cowboy front office, later said, "I wouldn't have believed he could still run that fast."

The strongest part of Hayes' 100-yard races was his last 60 yards, yet the 3.1 he set in 1963 stands as the world record, although it has been tied on five occasions. Is it possible that at 30 he is still the world's fastest human?

"It's possible," he says with some eagerness. "I've kept telling people I'm as fast as ever."

"We know all the hair business in the world," says Robert Lee Hayes as he escorts a client into the Dallas headquarters of his firm. Portraits of Agnes Moorehead, Barbara Eden and Joan Blondell hang in the front office, their in-

scriptions swearing eternal gratitude to the Consolidated Wig Corporation. Clocks on one wall show the time in Dallas, Hong Kong and Seoul. "Our manufacturing plant is in Korea," says Hayes. "All we do here is styling, packaging and selling." He goes on to say that he has one million wigs in stock and that annual volume runs to \$20 million. In the work area behind the offices rivers of hair gush from boxes onto tables. Individual pieces are plucked out and thrown over styrofoam heads, to be styled. Two hundred girls are engaged in combing, teasing, spraying, pinning, fluffing and giggling. Hayes walks behind them, smiling, winking. "Sixty percent of all wigs are bought by blacks," he says, "and for years there was no quality. Whites just sold their old wigs in the ghetto."

HEY, LOOK WHO'S BECOME A BIGWIG

by KENNY MOORE

It's Bob Hayes, who's proven himself with Consolidated Wig and shown he has lost little of his speed by winning 14 of 15 pro track races—but hasn't convinced the Cowboys that he can still start

to. I'm national sales director for the Supreme collection, a set of 12 hairpieces designed for the Supremes, the Motown group." He hits a switch and the collection is spotlighted high on one wall, black wigs on white wicker skulls. Each bears the name of a Supremes' hit: *Snowed Love, I Hear A Symphony, You Keep Me Hangin' On*.

"Of course, *You Keep Me Hangin' On* isn't a full wig," he explains. "It's more of an expandable base wiglet. Anyway, this is the first attempt to introduce a real designer label into the black community, and it's going great. I call on major accounts: the Penneys, the Neiman-Marcuses. But the big stores don't move as much hair as the smaller outlets who can get to schoolteachers. Did you know that in some parts of the country school-

teachers average 10 hairpieces each?"

Hayes returns to his office, which he shares with Vice-President Don Auerback. "We've found that the big department stores would rather not have the Supremes come and sing during a promotion. Nobody buys, they just riot. But if I'm there, people buy. They really do." For a moment he is silent, perhaps contemplating that unfathomable wackiness of people which makes them buy. The phone rings. "Have a sit-down for a second," he says. "This won't take long." The receiver rises to his ear, there to remain through half the morning.

"Joe, I don't know when I'll be in New York, Detroit and Baltimore this weekend are as close as I can promise. . . . How was your response from *The Mike Douglas Show*. . . ? Good. Good. L.A.

had hundreds of calls. So many people wanting hair I had to change my number."

Hayes promises to appear for, or lend his name to, the United Negro College Fund and the March of Dimes; he moans with pride at the reappearance of a rumor linking him romantically with Mary Wilson, the only original Supreme still with the group; he contacts a basketball coach with word of jobs in the fabric industry: "Can you get some guys out of the park, off the playgrounds? This man don't need someone who's going to steal his piece goods, now. This can be a stepping-stone, but if they screw up it reflects on you and me. . . . No, you don't let Melvin drive no Caddy until he can afford it. You just have to say no to some things. Keep him in his VW. . . . Because of me.

continued



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN LACROIX



HAYES SITS AT THE CONTROLS OF THE BEECHCRAFT THAT HE OWNS WITH HIS ATTORNEY

"What are football players doing in the wig business is what you're going to ask," says Hayes in a moment between calls. "Well, I like it. I'm not a classy dresser but I dig fashion. Jake Garther, my coach at Florida A&M, used to say he wanted his athletes to be 'agile, mobile and high style.' I can't sing. I can't dance. But I am cool. 'Hello, this is Bobby Hayes.'" He patiently convinces a sobbing voice in the receiver that because of his pro track commitments he no longer makes personal appearances on week-ends.

Hayes and Auerback discuss a film festival at SMU. "I saw *Waitress*," Hayes says. "Not right. That church scene wasn't authentic at all. For one thing there wasn't enough going on in them back pews." He becomes a hefty black matron in church, trying to concentrate on the sermon while holding a squirming, unhappy baby. "He needs to burp, so you put him over your shoulder and, uh oh, he ups all down your back. He's going to cry, he's going to cry, it's going to be awful, so quick. . . ." She undoes her blouse and discreetly directs the baby to a breast. A moment's peace. Then a yelp as she is bitten.

Bob Hayes reappears. "I know all about religion. Little Rock Baptist in Jacksonville. I used to walk to church with the preacher. That is, until I caught

him with my cousin. Then I blackmailed him. 'Rev, can I have a dime?' It's yours, son.' Oh, James Baldwin don't have nothin' on me. 'Hello, Muscular Dystrophy, this is Bobby Hayes. . . .'"

Eventually, he leaves the phone off the hook. "Last year I was working as a special sales representative for Bruniff. One of our accounts was the half a million a year or so in freight from this company's wigs. I got to know these people, and when they asked me to join them here, well, it was easy. That was last November and I'm still learning.

"I've been lucky about jobs and people," he says. "A lot of the people I've met just really seem to like me. There are reasons, sure. It may be because of my football name, or my kind of personality, or because I may have the ability to get a job done. I'm prepared to take advantage of the first two in order to get the chance to prove I can perform."

Hayes is asked if he is sure he can perform well at whatever he attempts.

"I am," he says. "You got to be. You never come up otherwise. Once that was the only way out for black people: get in the job, do what you have to do, but get it, then learn how to do it better than anyone."

"In 20 years what will you be doing?"

The answer is instantaneous. "Owning a company."

"My wife Altamease and I, we've looked at houses here," says Bob Hayes as he drives his Continental Mark IV through the leafy, moneyed, essentially white neighborhood of North Dallas, Aretha Franklin's *Young, Gifted and Black* playing on the tape deck. "I live in Oak Cliff. We have some tracks to cross before we get there."

"I have heard talk in my neighborhood that Hayes isn't black enough to suit everybody, but I'm working. I communicate with guys on the block, on the basketball courts in the park. I spend as much time as I can in the black area. I



STILL A BULLET, HAYES RAN THE 40 IN 4.3

live there, but I'm working. I'm going to own a company, and you think *that* isn't going to help the black community? I have a few contacts. You meet a lot of people when you play pro football, and I've been able to get some cats jobs, get 'em off the block, off stealin', off that dope case."

Indeed, even Cowboys have been known to benefit from Hayes' intercession. "Rayfield Wright was working in a bank," he says, and closes his eyes at the thought. "Now you know you can't make money in a bank unless you own

it," Wright, an All-Pro tackle, has been directed into piece goods. "And he's doin' real well."

The Hayes neighborhood seems shy compared with North Dallas' overwhelming immodesty. Its brick homes sit close together, bulwarked with cottonwoods. "The trees are the same size here," Hayes says. "The houses just make 'em look bigger."

Altamease greets him at the back door with a weak bourbon and Coke. Their adopted daughter Rori, a charmer with pierced ears and wiles far beyond her four years, commences a prolonged hug.

She then beckons a visitor down to her level. "Know what I'm going to be?" she says.

"No. What?"

"A supah staah."

"In other words," Hayes whispers, "she's going to keep on just as is."

Altamease, a voracious speed reader, is also a woman of quiet sensitivity, a connoisseur of overheard conversations between four-year-olds and of the melancholy inequities of football. "Pity the poor center," she says. "He's the least-watched player on the field. The only way he can get any attention is with a bad snap."

"Who goes to watch the center, of all people," snorts Hayes. He's conducting a tour of the house, throwing open closets to prove his wardrobe inferior to any living wig salesman's.

The living and dining rooms are small set pieces where more than six would eat off their knees. Close examination of a print of Leonardo's *Last Supper* is mildly startling. All the figures are black. The den is one room where Hayes will brook no lingering. The golden helmet awards, game balls, plaques and scrolls commemorating world records, the keys to cities, the framed pictures of one-handed catches and of the Olympic 100-meter finish, the gold medal itself hanging from a silver trophy, all these remain out of view, glimpsed once through a web of high-fashion wigs. There is a limit to socially acceptable showing off. Hayes points out only one detail: the gold medal bears a slight addition to its original inscription, a kind of fuzzy hieroglyphic where Ron teemed on it.

Living is done in the small family room. Ron's goldfish and blackboard and tiny piano are here, and Hayes' stereo, library and wine rack. The mantel supports dueling pistols, a carved, gilded

American eagle and a 1966 portrait of No. 22 holding his helmet. That bullet-headed, doubtful man is not the Bob Hayes of today. His wispy mustache, interrupted sideburns, long, long black lashes and passable Afro are contrasts in fashions with the image on the wall; contrasts, too, in values. "Lord, we looked like rednecks then, all of us," he says. The implication is clear: no more.

Sonny Margolis, Hayes' agent and attorney, does not specialize in representing professional athletes. He was introduced to Hayes by Altamease's gynecologist. "When I met him I didn't get the impression of a great deal of intelligence, and he still isn't what you'd call a cunning businessman, especially tax-wise," Margolis says. "But Robert Lee Hayes has a magic about him that lets him do impossible things. Nobody could do what Bob did with Braniff and Consolidated Wig. He saw the handwriting on the wall at Braniff long before I did and said he'd like to do the negotiations with CWC himself. I was worried, I admit it. But he worked out one hell of a deal. If you had just been hired by a company and they asked what kind of a car you'd like, would you say offhand, 'Oh, a Continental Mark IV? That's how he got his.'"

"The thing is that he inwardly knows how to draw people to him. Maybe he does it subconsciously—he is not a calculating person—but he gets people to make him the offers, and then he produces."

Hayes is one of the most sought-after Cowboys for personal appearances. "Roger Staubach still owes me a dinner on who could squeeze the most money for the March of Dimes out of the good people of Wichita Falls," he says. In Corpus Christi Hayes arrived for the last four hours of a telethon. In the first 24 hours, \$6,000 had been raised. When Hayes quit, the total was \$41,000.

"Bob can learn anything," Margolis says. "He has something very near to a photographic memory. We took him to play bingo once, and as each number was called, besides playing four cards he rattled off all the players in the league who wore it. But coming out of the Jacksonville ghetto like he did, there are gaps in his background. He's gullible as hell sometimes."

"Once I contracted for him to speak in New Orleans. He called and asked what they wanted him to talk about. I

said, 'The Impact of the Professional Athlete on the Outcome of the Civil War.' He was quiet for a second."

"Then he said he didn't know anything about that. I told him to go to the library. These people are paying \$500, he ought to do some work. He called back and said he'd been to the library and as far as he was concerned the Civil War wasn't over yet and wouldn't be until I was laid to rest and he was finally free."

Hayes has never seemed at ease on television, yet Margolis, sitting at home of an evening with a glass of crème de cacao, trying to illustrate Hayes' ability to pull off the impossible, thinks of his videotape collection.

"After the 1972 Super Bowl, Bob and Roger Staubach were signed for an appearance on *The Dick Cavett Show*. Here in Dallas the Vought aircraft people offered Bob \$1,000 to plug their new Gazelle helicopter. They sent him off to New York with a film of himself riding in the Gazelle, peering down through the roof of Texas Stadium, but when he got there he found the film wouldn't be shown. He didn't know what to do."

Margolis switches on the tape:
continued



HAYES LEADS COWBOYS IN RECEPTIONS

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Cavett: Bob, you are reputed to be the world's fastest human. Just how fast can you run?

Hayes: My 100-meter leg in the Tokyo Olympic 400-meter relay was timed in 8.6 seconds. That works out to better than 25 miles an hour.

Cavett (startled): Why, that's not human. That's as fast as a gazelle, or something.

Hayes (after a deep breath): You know that a gazelle is also the name of a helicopter.

Here follows two minutes of technical information about the SA 341, including its 194-mph top speed, which makes it "the world's fastest helicopter," and its uncommon safety, due to a protective housing for the rear rotor. Finally, Hayes becomes self-conscious. He pauses to let Cavett regain control of the program. Stunned, Cavett says nothing.

Ann Kroe (grinning helpfully): Didn't I see something about that in the news?

Hayes charges ahead with restored vigor, describing his flight over the stadium.

Cavett (weakly): After spending so much time inside the stadium, did it seem, uh, insignificant from that height?

Hayes: Oh, no. We got right down next to it. It's huge.

Sonny stops the tape and sits back. "Maybe," he says. "When the show was over, Cavett said, 'What the hell was all that about helicopters?'"

Bob Hayes is the alltime leader for Dallas in receiving, scoring and punt returning. He was All-Pro from 1965 through 1968. "Our receiving corps is built around Bob," said Coach Tom Landry in the 1972 Cowboy press book.

In 1972 Hayes was better than ever in preseason play, but in the final exhibition game against Oakland he pulled a hamstring. He tried to go full speed only a week afterward and aggravated it. So he rode the bench until midseason, replaced by Ron Sellers. Then, when Hayes was healed he continued to sit—and chafe.

"I heard a lot of reasons," Hayes says in his office early one morning. "Landry said it wasn't that I was bad, but that Sellers was doing so well. He said that the game had changed, the trend was away from the bomb, so speed was less important; that I was pushing 30, slowing up, getting old. He insinuated, after I had dropped a couple of passes, that my confidence was going, that maybe my competitive spirit was going."

"I ask you, would you bench a man who'd caught 10 touchdowns a year for seven years for one who'd only catch five? I respect the skills of Ron, but I know I'm better. And you ask any wide receiver in the league what he'd rather have—hands, moves or speed? They'd all say speed. As for getting slow, Dallas hasn't got anyone who's quicker. Maybe no one does. It hurt my pride and my self-respect when I sat there. I am as much of a competitor as ever. I mean it when I say if this coming year is like last year, I won't play for Landry. I'll quit, simple as that."

In one sense, this year won't be like last. Sellers is no longer with Dallas, having been traded to Miami for Otto Stowe and a No. 2 pick. Moreover, Lance Alworth, like Hayes, is flailing about the amount of playing time he got last season, and is threatening to retire. If Alworth doesn't play, Mike Montgomery, a converted running back, may start ahead of Stowe at flanker, with Hayes the leading candidate for split end.

Can Hayes offer any explanation for being benched? "I can and I can't. I had good years from '65 to '68. Then Don Meredith retired, Craig Morton replaced him, Craig and Lance Rentzel were very close on and off the field. For a time I was ignored. It seemed like everything was going to Lance. But there are lots of factors. Morton is not the best bomb thrower, and Landry calls all the plays, so we can't take quick advantage of the things we find out from one play to the next. If I'm beating a man or a zone, our coaches have to see it. Maybe by then it's too late. But even so I was still getting points on the board."

"Then Landry got excited about a thing called the player-performance test. He brought in all kinds of wide receivers who were going to be better than I was because this test said so. People like Dennis Homan, Margene Adkins—surely you've heard of them. Well, they moved right on through and out the door while I stayed and did the job, but it seemed like Landry didn't like my style of play. I was never patted on the head. In 1970 I was the fifth-leading touchdown producer among all receivers, but 10 or 12 were being paid better. I was offered a little raise, asked for more, and when we couldn't come to terms I played out my option. I was the first guy to do that to Dallas. I eventually signed back on, but things have been a little rougher since. Then came last year."

Hayes swivels in his chair and thanks for a moment. "Listen. This is important. The player-coach relationship is one thing. The man-to-man relationship off the field is another. We're only talking about the first one here. Tom and I respect each other off the field. Why, when we lost in Super Bowl V, Tom couldn't make the formal hall that night. His wife Alicia came, grabbed me by the arm, and Alamease and I escorted her around so she could congratulate every player for Tom. I respect the son-of-a-bitch highly. He's the hardest-working, smartest coach in pro football. But he's not perfect."

Could a complicating factor be racial? "Maybe, but I can't quite put my finger on it. There are things. We're quoted-ed. We never start more than 12 or 14 blacks and it always seems like when we trade, it's the good black players on the way out. It shows up when you plays when hurt. I was hurt and didn't play. Bob Lilly was hurt and *did* play, even though Bill Gregory could do his job better than he could for a time there, just like Sellers did mine. Tody Smith, the black defensive end, didn't play when he was hurt. Pat Toomay, the white defensive end, plays with a broken hand. When I wasn't playing, Landry embarrassed me by publicly questioning my abilities. I don't believe he'd do that to a Lilly or a Craig Morton. But I'm convinced that race is only a small part of this thing. The problem we got here has more to do with style. Tom Landry just doesn't seem to like the way I play football. When I was ready to play last year, he just didn't want to take a chance. He just didn't want to trust me with the job."

Tom Landry's office is dominated by the Vince Lombardi Trophy from Super Bowl VI, a gleaming silver football that is not so much decor as a symbol, or a goal, if one must be offered, for the demands he makes upon his employees. "The prime quality we look for in a Super Bowl football player," Landry says in a precise, affable manner, "is the willingness to do whatever his job requires of him to help the team. Bob Hayes is a sensitive guy, very concerned with people. He has a real love for his teammates. He also has a unique talent, a God-gift of speed. We've used Bob's speed over the years to tremendous advantage, but as the game has changed, a receiver's contribution to the team has come to be measured in his ability to block, to adjust to

a continued

zones and double coverage. It may be that Bob has relied too much on his speed in that he might not have perfected these other skills. When Bob broke in, he faced man-to-man defenses. His speed was enough. Now, you've got to finesse a guy. You've got to maneuver people. Either he has seen the problem but doesn't possess the dedication or persistence to see the necessary changes through, or he doesn't see the problem. I'm not quite sure which it is but they amount to the same thing.

"Last year, after a great preseason, he got a lot of muscle pulls. And here comes another guy. Ron Sellers, who is hot. How does Hayes get back in? That is one of the hazards of team play. I don't know how to escape it. This is life in football. From my point of view it wasn't a hard decision. It was cut and dried. When you are trying to win championships you have got to measure people according to where they are. Bob dropped a couple of passes. Perhaps he'd lost some of his confidence. I don't know why, but I

knew he wasn't ready. A coach knows."

Landry is aware of Hayes' pattern of success in non-football areas, that of blossoming beyond expectation once entrusted with a job or responsibility. "What comes first in a situation like this, though?" Landry asks. "Is it the hard work, the discipline, the determination to earn that position? Or should I put a player in there first to get him performing? I cannot say to one man he must earn his position with preparation and determination, and say to another that he can play because I know he'll perform well without showing me those qualities."

How does Landry respond to Hayes' avowal to quit if "73 is a repeat of '72"? "I think it is human nature to decline responsibility. I read in Bob's statement that he doubts whether he can make it back. My rapport with Bob is great. I love him. But he has to meet the challenge. If he's waiting for us to take the initiative to put him in, that's not enough. The one area where there can be no difference of treatment is discipline."

How much substance does Landry see in Hayes' remarks about subtly different treatment of blacks on the Cowboys? "I am surprised genuinely at Bob saying what he did. I control the players. I say who's here and who's not. I think of them as commodities of specific value to the team. I never think of black and white on the field. Again, I think we see what we want to. Each of our environments is a reflection of what goes on inside us. Some may say I am prejudiced, but they can never see inside me. Only I know. And I assure you I see everyone the same."

Bob Hayes considers Landry's position with some wonder. "He worries about my determination? Who ran more routes in practice last year? Ask our defensive backs who put more pressure on them." Then he sighs. As he exhales, his agitation simply leaves him. "O.K. So I'll do it all over again. I'm confident of making it back. I'm not asking him to give me anything except a little justice." And maybe a little trust. **END**

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per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kansas City Royals Manager **Jack McKeon** recalled a young minor-league speedster named **Juan Viquez** who played for him at Wilson, N.C. Viquez sailed through so many stop signals at third base that McKeon threatened to shoot him the next time he ran through one. "Viquez was Cuban, and about that time everybody was shooting at everybody down there," said McKeon. "I bought a couple of blank cartridge pistols and carried them in my hip pockets. So

got tomatoes coming up that look like beach balls." And presumably, when you stick a fork into them, they run like mud.

Barbara Ader, one of the first women jockeys, returned to competition at River Downs racetrack in Cincinnati after a layoff of two years. For love and money. Barbara has been going with jockey **John Shaffer**, and the two have been saving their money to get married. John, un-

each. If it goes over the end, you lose." Riggs, naturally, went last. All the others went off the deep end, and he slid the shaker three feet and picked up the money. "Now," says Blattner, "they wanted to do it again and make Riggs go first. He stopped the shaker two inches from the end. He hadn't tried it before, either. He was always doing that sort of thing."

♦ It was a routine June wedding, except for a couple of details.

First, the bridegroom was Olym-pian. Second, the bride was a princess, 48 years his junior. From those clues, one might or might not guess that **Avery Brundage** had married **Marlene Brunette Reuss**, Marzani, 37, whose royal lineage is traced to a small principality in middle Europe, is an expert skier, speaks six languages and has been connected with the Olympics as hostess and interpreter for more than a decade. And where will the happy couple live? "I've been



one night Viquez goes right through my sign and I let him get about halfway toward home plate and then, *poof/poof*. Viquez took a leap, slid in headfirst and was safe as he knocked the ball loose from the catcher. He is there, face down, with his hands over his head. I think he got the message."

Those giant-size tomatoes. Orville groundkeeper **Pat Santaroni** grows near the Baltimore buff-pen have a secret ingredient. Santaroni, who also serves as a turf consultant at Pimlico Race Course, was seen skulking around the back of Secretariat's stall when the Triple Crown winner was at Pimlico for the Previews. "I admit it," Santaroni says. "I told Chick Lang to get me a couple more pairs of Secretariat's manure at Belmont. I

fortunately crashed a vertebra in a reeve fall and will be grounded for three months. In the emergency, Barbara, who has kept her riding skills by exercising horses in the morning, decided to earn some bread.

A major-league baseball player, a table tennis champ and now broadcaster for the Kansas City Royals, **Buddy Blattner** nonetheless claims that one of the most interesting experiences of his life was being in the Navy with **Bobby Riggs**. Don't tell me about that guy," he says. "Absolutely one of the best-coordinated athletes I ever saw. He would catch on to anything so fast you can't believe it." Example? Blattner cites the time Riggs picked up a saboteur in an officer's club and said, "Let's slide this down to the end of the bar for a dollar



First, the bridegroom had to duck to get in the church door. Second, the minister got lost for two hours on the freeway going to the rehearsal. From those clues, one might guess that the locale was Southern California and the bridegroom was a UCLA basketball player. Right. It's UCLA Center **Sven Nater** was marrying **Marlene Murray** at the West Anaheim Methodist Church, and it was a joyous team affair with the Rev. L. Leander Wilkes, father of UCLA's celebrated forward **Keith Wilkes**, officiating. Having a hall at the ceremony were UCLA players (*from left*) **Bob Webb**, the prince, **Andre McCarter**, Greg Lee and the speed's other center, **Bill Walton**.

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There is no doubt about it. Man is smarter than a bird. Or at least smarter than a puffin. The birds were holding Wildlife Officer **Robert Montgomery** prisoner on an island off Newfoundland by driving away a Royal Canadian Mounted Police helicopter every time it tried to rescue the marooned Montgomery, who had been on the island for 12 days. But the *Monties*, whereby finally got its man, because a puffin lets nothing disturb its sleep. On the 12th night, long after puffin bedtime, the helicopter swooped down and plucked Montgomery from his uncomfortable nest.

What's this, a hitting pitcher? No

The American League's designated-hitter system is normally straightforward enough: the DH bats and the pitcher doesn't. Last week a wrinkle in the rule produced a bit of baseball history. It began when Reliever Cy Acosta of the White Sox came in against the Angels in the top of the seventh of a 2-2 game. In the bottom of that inning the Sox scored six times and Manager Chuck Tanner made a defensive move, shifting his DH, Tony Muser, to first base in place of Dick Allen. Ah, but when a DH takes someone's place on defense, only eight hitters are left in the lineup. That means the pitcher must hit for the player who has been removed. Thus Acosta batted for Allen in the eighth inning and became the first AL pitcher to appear at the plate in 1973. The Sox bench rose to cheer him. Owning neither bat nor helmet, Acosta borrowed them. He then struck out, illuminating, however unheroically, the reason they invented the DH.

THE WEEK

(June 17-20)

NL WEST After four straight losses to the Dodgers, Brave Manager Eddie Mathews called a clubhouse meeting. Trouble was, his players were busy munching on a tableful of snacks. "Aw come on, guys, quit eating and listen, will ya," Mathews said, tapping the table and knocking off some food. "I'm too sick to eat, the way we've been playing," he added after the meeting, during which he announced he would banish postgame chow and told his troops they could not live by bread—or

cookies, or soup—alone. And so the team embarked on its own version of a Brave new world. Next time out it beat the Padres 7-3 as Dave Johnson hit his fourth homer of the week and Henry Aaron overcame a backache and a boil caused by his belt buckle to slug No. 19 and 692 overall. But then their world collapsed as the Padres took them 2-0 behind Clay Kirby's 13-strikeout effort and 9-3 as Nate Colbert homered twice. Also chipping in for the Padres was Dave Winfield, who the week before had been the MVP at the College World Series for the University of Minnesota. In his first week he went 6 for 14 and hit a homer.

Joe Ferguson had suffered a broken thumb, but the Dodgers regrouped, won seven of eight and took over first place. Claude Osteen and Tommy John (with relief help from Pete Richert) blanked the Braves 5-0 and 3-0, and John later stopped the Reds 5-1 on three hits. In that game Ken McMillen hit a three-run homer and Manny Mota took over the league batting lead at .356. Willie Davis unloaded two home runs against the Braves: one was his 2,000th hit, the next day's was a two-run drive in the 10th inning that tied a game that the Dodgers won 6-5 in the 11th.

Pete Rose of the Reds also picked up his 2,000th hit, but was upstaged by rookie Dan Driessen and Fred Norman. Driessen, who has hit in all but one of 14 games since joining the team, batted .423 last week and drove in nine runs. "When you got it, you got it," he said. "And right now I got it. Man, I'm up a tree." Norman had opposing batters out on a limb. Since being acquired from the Padres, where he was 1-7, he has given up only one run in three outings. Last week he blanked the Giants 4-0 on three hits and came within one out of a third consecutive shutout before Ron Cey of the Dodgers homered.

Houston retained third place by winning four of six at Los May hit .478 and had 13 RBIs. May's hitting streak was ended at 21 games, but not before he had three homers in a 12-2 win over San Diego. Bobby Bonds of the Giants was hot in more ways than one. Because the artificial turf in Candlestick Park scorched his feet he changed shoes between innings. Before the heat took effect, Bonds homered against the Reds—the eighth time this season he has led off the first inning with a homer, and the 22nd time in his career, a league record. Said Tom Bradley, who last year pitched for the White Sox: "American League umpires don't give you low strikes, but here they do. So why throw high balls? I've decided to grip the ball with the seams instead of across them." In his first seamy performance he beat the Reds 7-1 on four hits.

LA 46-32 SF 42-30 HOUS 39-32
NY 37-32 ATL 29-42 SD 22-48

NL EAST A double play and a bottle of wine added to the Met woes. The DP came in the last of the ninth when the Pirates had the bases loaded with none out in a 1-1 game. Bob Robertson bounced a ball to Second Baseman Felix Millan, who threw home for a forecourt. So far so good. Catcher Duffy Dyer, attempting to double up Robertson at first, threw the ball into right field, where Rusty Staub caught it. Staub, seeing that Al Oliver of the Pirates had rounded second base, fired the ball to Shortstop Jim Fregoso for the second out. Good idea? Bad idea. Dave Cash rounded third and easily beat Fregoso's throw home to score the winning run. It was enough to drive a man to drink, but that is not exactly what Tom Seaver had in mind when he went to his wine cellar at home to look for a bottle to go with his dinner. While searching out the correct vintage, Tom Terrific pushed some cacti around, hurt his back and was isolated. The wine he had in mind was a burgundy, 1969—the year the Mets supposedly stopped clowning around and became world champs. George Stone provided the team's two wins in seven tries.

Moving up to fifth were the Phillies, winners of five of six. They took three in a row from the Mets, two on four-hitters by Wayne Twitchell and Jim Lonborg (with Mac Scarce's relief). Ken Brett also beat the Mets and later the Expos, homering in both games. That upped Brett's record to 7-2 and gave him four home runs in his past four starts. Who needs DPs, anyway?

In last place were the Pirates, who were first on April 22 but who have won 20 and lost 34 since. They won four of nine last week against the Reds, Cubs and Mets as Willie Stargell increased his homer output to 21.

Montreal played well but dropped four of seven, the main problem being poor hitting. For the first place Cubs, Jose Cardenal hit .393 and Rick Monday socked his 15th and 16th homers, but the team lost five of eight.

Bernie Carbo, Jim Dwyer and Luis Melendez are not the sort of hitters who wobble the knees of opposing pitchers, but all three singled for the Cardinals with two out in the 11th for a 3-2 win over the Cubs. That brought St. Louis up to .500 for the first time since last August. Bob Gibson hit the 23rd homer of his career as he stopped Montreal 4-3. And shutouts were turned in by Rick Wise (1-0 against Montreal) and Reggie Cleveland (3-0 against Chicago).

CHI 46-30 MONT 30-30 ST. L 32-32
NY 36-34 PHIL 30-32 PITT 26-35

AL EAST No, those were not the Keystone Kops scrambling through the streets of New York. Those were the Detroit Tigers. Because heavy rains had washed out pregame batting, their bus left midtown for Yankee Stadium an hour

later than usual. But the rain also started Manhattan streets and the Tiger bus snched along as the 7:40 game time approached. Manager Billy Martin shouted to policemen to phone the Yankees with news of the Tigers' progress. Eventually, Martin took his starting lineup off the bus and led them onto a subway. Oops. Wrong line. They got off, got on the right train, got off at the Stadium and sprinted the remaining couple hundred yards. Waiting for them were the rest of the Tigers, who had arrived on their bus 10 minutes earlier. At 8:05 the game began. By the time it ended Martin and two other Tigers had been ejected and Detroit had lost 5-4 to the first-place Yankees (page 161). It was all part of a bad week for Martin, during which he benched Jim Northrup because he felt he had not given out a grounder. "If a man hits and gives 100%, I'll play him every day," Martin said. "I'd play Hitler every day if he was a good ballplayer." Oh yes, the Tigers, who led the race in the East for most of the past month, lost five of seven and dropped to fifth place.

Joe Labadie and Darrell Porter hit grand slams in successive innings as the Brewers opened the week by whumping the White Sox 15-3. They then ran their winning streak to 10, the longest in the majors this year, before losing a doubleheader to the Red Sox 8-4 and 4-1. In all, the Brewers split eight games and fell out of the lead to second, but hit a potent 293.

Baltimore's Paul Blair, nervous at the plate since being hit in the face by a pitch three years ago, revealed he had been seeing a psychiatrist. Apparently a good one. Blair hit 233 last year. Last week he batted .522 and raised his season average to .305, a wondrous figure for the hapless Orioles, who had a 3-3 week.

Opponents have stolen 55 bases in 77 at-bats against the Indians, but catcher Dave Duncan declined to take the blame. "Only Gary Perry and Jerry Johnson know how to hold a runner on base," he said. "The rest of our pitchers invite stolen bases." George Hendrick powered six home runs, three in an 8-7 win over Detroit, and he won that game with a two-out single in the ninth inning. The next day against the Tigers he homered and again singled in the ninth for a 7-6 triumph.

Boston owner Tom Yawkey came to town from his South Carolina plantation and found his team in bad shape. His Red Sox were in fifth place, Orlando Cepeda had hurt his back and Carlton Fisk was out with a bad hand. But all was not lost. Ray Culp won for the first time and Bill Lee and Luis Tiant for the eighth each as the Sox took five of eight and pulled themselves up to fourth.

AL WEST Persimmoned on the part of Angel General Manager Harry Dalton and Manager Bob Winkles paid off. It was Dalton who last winter milked Winston Llenas out of retiring from baseball. And last week it was Llenas who hit a three-run pinch homer off Wilbur Wood to beat the White Sox 3-1. When the California Angels acquired Mike Frazier from the Rangers several weeks ago, Winkles told him to be sure to let him know which left-handed pitchers he had trouble with. When Jim Kaat was scheduled to go for the Twins, Epstein spoke up and was put on the bench until the 10th inning. Then Winkles spoke up. "Hit a homer," he instructed Frazier, sending him out to face Kaat. Epstein complied and the Angels won again. It all helped the Angels post the best mark of the week in the West, 5-3. Although they remained in fifth, they were just half a game out of first place.

Minnesota held the lead for two days, then fell to fourth place. Steve Braun, Rod Carew and Harrison Killebrew were all injured. Killebrew, when he slammed a door on his hand. Clinging precariously to first place was Chicago which, like Minnesota, lost five out of seven. Bill Melton was sidled with a pulled hamstring, and Knickerbockers Wood and Eddie Fisher, in losing twice each, were bombed for a total of 31 hits and 17 runs in 17½ innings. Four percentage points behind the White Sox were the Athletics, who have a theory about how to hit Wood and Fisher. The idea is to move up to the front of the batter's box, and it seems to work. Last week the A's clubbed both of them.

John Mayberry batted .476, hit two homers, produced 11 runs and helped move Kansas City to within five percentage points of the top. Ken Wright won as a starter and as a reliever, achieving the latter victory when Paul Schaal finished off a four-run ninth-inning uprising with a run-scoring single that beat Texas 8-7.

After Sonny Siebert, recently obtained from the Red Sox, had stopped the Twins 3-0, Ranger teammate Jim Merritt spoke up. "Can you imagine that there were a lot of people who thought that guy was washed up? That was an artistic masterpiece. Every pitch had a purpose. He threw with power and accuracy, and there was no doubt who was in charge." Two days later it was Merritt, with assistance from Bill Gogolewski, who pitched a 3-0 win, this time against the Royals. Rico Carty, hapless the week before, was 11 for 27 this time around, helping Texas take its first road series of the season by winning two of three from the Twins. Still, the Rangers were 185 percentage points out of first place.

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The professional approach

Or how to approach the professionals is what the game was all about in Lubbock, where the All-Stars warmed up to meet the Dolphins

What the Coaches All-America Game is supposed to do is match the best graduating seniors in the East against the best in the West and prove that all the young men can survive the heat of a June night in Lubbock, Texas. Which they did, the West slightly better than the East, since it won 20-6. What the game does even more is illustrate the increasingly testy relationship between the college game and the pro football world.

The players are in a tricky transition period from alma mater to the NFL—they "owe it to the coach" to play in *his* game, and yet they are technically the

property of the pros. On the two 20-man squads, only four players had not been drafted by the NFL and of the 56 who had, only eight had not signed contracts. A few of the pro teams—namely Baltimore, Philadelphia and Cincinnati—fearing injury to their merchandise, had suggested their men catch a plane for Acapulco instead of Lubbock.

The rival East-West coaches, Shug Jordan of Auburn and John McKay of USC, addressed themselves to the college-pro rivalry in the days before the game. Jordan said, "We always cooperate with the professional people when they come to

Auburn. If they don't have a movie projector, we lend them one. But if they interfere with the availability of players for this game, I think we should cease to cooperate with them."

McKay listened to Jordan's smooth Southern version and translated it into L.A. vernacular. "If they don't let the kids play, I'd kick them off our campus."

McKay was told that Philadelphia had pressured his All-Everything tight end, Charles Young, to skip the game. The exact advice was that Young "should rest up for his honeymoon." McKay said, "He'll get plenty of rest in Philadelphia. Unless he plays defense, he'll be on the bench 90% of the time."

And that is how things really are in the netherworld between the colleges and the pros. This battle tempo was heightened still more at Lubbock with the introduction of Duffy Daugherty as the third voice on ABC-TV's 1973 college telecasts, an addition of the "blamey factor" to help connect Chris Schenkel with Bud Wilkinson, a dialogue in which something long has been missing. (Wilkinson: "Chris, I have a bulletin here that Russian KGBs have wiped out the East Coast." Schenkel: "O.K., Bud.") The former Michigan State coach passed up offers to be a TV commentator with the pros this season because "the college game has more action, more plays and more charm."

Daugherty explained that Roone Arledge five or six years ago had asked him to join the ABC-TV team whenever he decided to give up coaching, which he did at the end of last season, though "some of the alumni," Daugherty said, "thought I gave up coaching years ago." Daugherty was in the law of Chuck Howard, an ABC-TV vice-president, and both were pushing for college football playoffs to a national title. Daugherty advocates starting the season early enough in September so that 11 games can be finished by the second Saturday in November. A coaches' panel would then pick eight teams and the playoffs would be over by the first Saturday in December. After that would come the bowl games, even as now. Howard, who wants any kind of playoff system, said, "It makes me sick to see the college season end at its peak and the pros take over. I'd love to go head and head with Pete Rozelle's phony playoffs. We would beat the professionals. And let's face it, that's what



DRAFTED BUT UNSIGNED BY THE CARDS, TERRY WATKINS (20) WAS THE STAR OF STARS

we have to do—there's only so many entertainment dollars."

The objective of "beating the professionals" had a lot to do with McKay's presence in Lubbock. He will be the coach of the College All-Stars next month in Chicago when they go up against the perfect-record NFL champions, the Miami Dolphins. The game plan has it that McKay could familiarize himself with the nucleus of his squad at Lubbock, teach the players something of his offense and be ready to let it rip when it counts—against the pros. McKay has already made one tactical decision on this front, there will be no "traditional" scrimmage against the Chicago Bears in preparation for the game. "They say they want to see us scrimmage the Bears," McKay said, "so they can find out if their draft selections can block the pros. They spend \$10 million drafting them, and they want to find out in one session if they can block." To hell with that. I'm going to send 'em in the game and tell them if they can't block 'em, hold 'em."

As it turned out, McKay had 20 players on his West squad who will be with him in Chicago, and on the East team there were a dozen. Most notable among the missing was Bert Jones, the LSU quarterback drafted No. 1 by Baltimore, who will probably be McKay's starter against Miami. LSU Coach Charlie McClendon explained, "I had Bert in this game, but at the last minute his daddy talked him out of it. His daddy [Dub Jones, Cleveland, 1950's] was a pro."

What McKay did have was Ty Paine of Washington State and the New York Giants and, for a brief moment, Dan Fouts of Oregon and the San Diego Chargers. But on his first pass of the game Fouts was crunched by John Wood of LSU and exited with a broken left collarbone. The coaches association has hedged against such disaster by booking an \$18,000 premium with Lloyd's of London and other bettors to guarantee against the athletes' season salaries, but you could still hear the pros muttering we-told-you-so-type things.

McKay also had a record-breaking running attack, powered by his own Sam (Bum) Cunningham, Oklahoma's Greg Pruitt and a spectacular added starter out of Long Beach State, Terry Metcalf. Jordan's East squad, quarterbacked by Terry Davis of Alabama (a non-draftee) and Don Strock of Virginia Tech,

marched up the field and down the field for 24 first downs, but despite the talents of Purdue's Ous Armstrong and Miami's Chuck Foreman, the East could only score with field goals by Southern Mississippi's Ray Guy, the Oakland Raiders' first draft choice who may well press George Blonda into retirement.

Pruitt and Metcalf broke loose for the long runs that set up West touchdowns. "It's not so much the way Metcalf runs by you," said Tennessee Tech Linebacker Jim Youngblood, "it's the embarrassment. What you do when he steps around you in the open field is rush back into the huddle and get lost in the crowd before anybody sees your number."

Metcalf, a third-round draft choice of the St. Louis Cardinals, got on McKay's roster for this game and the next when Nebraska's Johnny Rodgers signed to play in Canada. Metcalf gained 135 yards through the East, scored one touchdown and set up another to earn the game's MVP award. He is 5'10" and 190 pounds, and he runs the 100 in 9.7. "I haven't signed with St. Louis yet," he said, "but this may help me. I'm counting on the All-Star Game to help, too. I'm going to swing in Chicago."

Metcalf had a rough senior season with a Long Beach team that was 5-6, but McKay had noticed that he scored 16 touchdowns and gained 779 yards. "He is a super runner," McKay said, "but I think you also saw a super blocker out in front of him. Sam Cunningham was knocking down a few cornerbacks on those plays."

McKay complained that although he had tried to keep plays simple for this game there were still problems. "We reduced things to where we had one play called 'fullback run strong,' which meant to the side where our tight end is. Charley Young is 6'4" and 230, but we've got one back who hasn't found him yet."

McKay regarded it all as a tuneup for the Dolphins. "We'll do a hell of a lot more in Chicago," he promised. Said Charley Young: "The idea here was to get acquainted and get all the cadence down, then go up there and really put it on the pros."

The East's Youngblood, who will join Young and Metcalf and Pruitt and the rest at the All-Star camp, was half fearful and half kidding when he considered the non-touchdown defeat by the West. "Boy," he said, "I hope the Dolphins aren't tougher than these guys."

END

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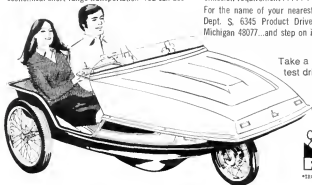
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Everybody remembers that Annapolis is down here, tucked back inside Chesapeake Bay, and Newport is up there, 473 nautical miles away on the stony shores of Rhode Island. The geography is easy. But anybody mad enough to race between the two points over trackless water and under sail would do well to sign Ed Cotter to navigate. Ed Cotter knows the quickest way.

Outwardly, Cotter is a retired Coast Guard captain, a man of close-cut, steely hair and suitably weather-beaten face. But on the inside he is fully computerized, mentally ticking off his own version of ocean-racing penalties when the fore-jeck crew goof's a sail change, he charges them the minutes it takes to set things right. If the helmsman hobbles, Cotter adds a few more. On the other hand, if a buoy does not loom up out of the ocean fog exactly where Cotter says it will, he penalizes himself in his running figures. The total often adds up to victory. Mister Computer navigated *Cummi* to a win in the 1970 Bermuda race, he has successfully navigated those racing celebrities *Sorcery* and *Salty Goose*, and while he is quick to point out that "the first prerequisite of a good navigator is to sail on a fast boat," it seemed particularly fitting last week when Cotter was on a winner again.

A fleet of 81 sleek boats sailed out of Annapolis on a Saturday, and 57 hours, 19 minutes later, the 68-foot ketch *Egwin* crossed the Newport finish line. It was more than a case of just beating the field, she was first to finish, first in class, she swept the fleet on handspike and she broke the 1965 record set by *Escapade* by a snappy four hours, 18 minutes.

Egwin is a sharp-nosed, slender, fierce-looking creature owned by John Potter, a Long Island millionaire who races because he insists on racing despite the fact that it makes him fearfully seasick. "I'm too old to know better," he explains. But in return for his time spent at the rail, Potter wants to win, and when he commissioned the boat—a 100-master in this day of single-stickers—he spared no expense.

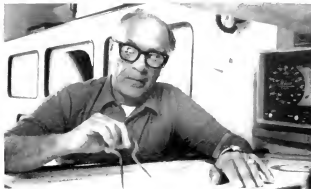
So *Egwin*'s equation was loaded with dollar signs. For one thing, she comes with a space-age ventral fin of a centerboard that hauls up and down like a drop keel—the 10,000-pound device rises and falls hydraulically with a few

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BOATING continued

hearty turns of a handle. Very hearty turns. "When it comes time to pull it up," says crewman Bob Morton, "everybody runs the other way."

For another thing, while many owners lavish money on sails and skump elsewhere, Potter outfitted *Equation* belowdecks like a mini-version of NASA's Mission Control. Cotter was surrounded by practically every navigational device known to modern seagoing, operating in a wonderland of knobs and control panels that include Omega, Lorain and depth-sounding gear. The boat looked as if it could make it to the moon.

But spaceships have it easy: the real track for *Equation* lay in making the fastest run to Newport through uncharted seas. Before the race weathermen promised warm, moist days fed by a southerly breeze. "Not a thing they said came true," grumped F.X. McGeady of Chace, an also-ran that did not finish until Wednesday (though she still heat several boats in it). "It was cold. It was wet. It was rough. We saw the sun twice."

But in sun or squall, the special agony of this race lies in getting out of Chesapeake Bay. It is big, muddy, vicious and behemothed, a sailing maze. Once out of the bay the Atlantic often serves up violent seas and an age-old problem: does one follow the rhumb line (the shortest possible course) to Block Island south of Newport, or does one play the beach as far up the coast as possible? Answer: one makes it up as one goes along.

As the scratch boat *Equation* beat across the start line off Annapolis with Class 1, 13 of them were rail down and footing fast in 18-knot headwinds. Ahead lay Cape Charles, 130 miles south, and the smaller boats that had started earlier. Already a dot on the gray horizon ahead was *Lightwin*, a 38-foot sloop whose skipper, world champion Ted Turner, was intent on pulling off another coup, as he had with *American Eagle* in 1969. (Performing well, Turner easily took Class V in 56 hours, five minutes, corrected time, defeating most of the boats in the bigger classes and finishing a creditable 15th overall.)

Beating with the wind dead ahead is not exactly *Equation's* favorite posture nor, with her deep centerboard, is it going close inshore. But still, less than eight hours after the start, *Equation* had left 1971 winner *Sovereign* behind and be-

gun to chew purposefully through the small fry. At 3:50 a.m. Sunday she was passing the Chesapeake Bay bridge-tunnel. The wind swung southwest, the crew hung out a spinnaker and, as if turned loose, the big beauty belted away. "We all breathed a sigh of relief," Cotter said later. "We could see nobody astern."

But where was the promised southerly? Not out in the ocean. As the morning wore on, instead of pushing them along the rhumb line, the wind backed north, and before long, down came the spinnaker and out came the jibs; she was gradually heading toward the beach. Other sail changes came quickly and for the thousandth time Potter wondered what made him go to sea for fun. *Equation* shot through the short, pitched seas in a smother of foam, bumping, lurching and writhing—decidedly sickening.

By Cape Henlopen, *Equation* was drawing further away from the rhumb line and closer and closer to shore. But a tack offshore would take her farther from Newport. It was, says Cotter, "a classic dilemma in sailing; we were wondering what the hell to do." Rough sea and all, an executive meeting was called. The ruling was, "Head in 'til we hit sand." And everybody hunkered down and hoped for a lift—a shift in wind direction that would swing the big boat back.

It came magically out of the dark Sunday night at 9:30 p.m. The wind switched to the east and rather than being jammed ashore, *Equation* could turn and head for home. A few minutes later two crewmen tentatively and innocently allowed that a record run was shaping up. The others turned on them. "Don't even talk record or you'll jinx it," they yelled.

The good breeze, and silence, earned *Equation* in it. It was 11:18 Monday night when she crossed the line under a flare. And then came the jinx: no sooner had *Equation* doused her sails than the wind died, leaving *Sovereign* and the 60-foot *Runaway Tide* to wallow across two and four hours later, with all the smaller boats strung out far behind.

Ashore, there were trophies all around, four for *Equation* plus a promised silver tray for the navigator. Cotter took it in stride. He calmly finished his luncheon Bloody Mary, leaned back and added things up. By his personal inner computer, the time had come out perfectly, as he knew it would. **END**

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FRAN SIGHTING (RIGHT), HERE RUNNING 100, SET U.S. RECORD IN 220 AT AAU'S BUT WON'T COMPETE IN RUSSIA

It's no go for the new go-go girl

Anyone feeling sorry for himself should consider the plight of Francine Auer Sichting, a 5'9", 19-year-old freckled lovely from Coos Bay, Ore. who is the best American female sprinter to come down the track in some time. Competing this spring for Southwestern Oregon Community College on a 25-member squad that included two dozen men, she was the team's eighth leading point scorer and anchored her 440 relay to a school record of 43.3. She ran the 100 in 10.3 and the 220 in 23.2, times that respectively equaled and lowered the American women's records but were unacceptable because there was no wind gauge. These times also qualified her for the finals of both events in the Oregon State Junior College Championships. While she went unplaced in her specialties in that meet, she did anchor her relay team to a second-place finish. In addition, she long-jumped 19'11". Oh, yes, she also had a 4.0 grade point average despite her claim that "I'm mainly going to school so I can run on the team."

"The guys on her team were her big-

gest fans," says Mike Hodges, the former Oregon javelin thrower who coaches her. "Out of town there was never a problem, except for a few guys who got upset when they got beat by a girl. Like the guy she made up 10 yards on on an anchor leg and outleaked at the finish. He threw his baton into the woods."

Obviously a brilliant track career lies ahead of Fran Sichting, most immediately the U.S.-U.S.S.R. meet in Minsk later this month. No way, says Ted Sichting, 23, a Marine veteran who won the Silver Star, Bronze Star and Purple Heart in Vietnam and is Fran's husband. Ted, a logger, would like his wife to quit track: he has already told her to forget about running against the Russians or any other foreigners this year.

"My husband has put his foot down," she says. "It's track or my marriage. Ted hates the whole idea. He has forbidden me to compete next year. I've already qualified for the World University Games in Moscow in August but Ted says I can't go."

"The thing is," Hodges says, "that he

looks at all the publicity she gets and considers it a put-down to himself, like he's something less of a person than she is, and he's not. He's a wonderful person. It's just that he was raised by his grandparents and in his environment there was never the idea that it might be as good to go out for a sport as to get a job. We've had talks and I can make him see this, but he forgets. He reverts to being the male chauvinist, but he's not a bad guy or anything like that. He worked himself up to a job with the logging company that usually would go to a man 35 years old or more. No one works any harder than he does."

"You know, Ted told me once that what she was doing wasn't that great, and to prove it he came out to the track to run a 220 against her. She was 15 yards ahead of him at the turn and he just walked off the track. He was good about it, though. He laughed at himself."

To his further credit, Ted relaxed his adamant stand against Fran's running long enough for her to compete last week in the AAU Women's National Track

continued

and Field Championships in Irvine, Calif., where she qualified for the trip to Russia by finishing second in the 220 and third in the 100.

Her best performance came in Friday's 220 semifinals, when she set a new American record of 23.2. However, this mark, too, may not be ratified because she ran in Lane 9. International rules specify that records in such races can only be established in the first eight lanes, since the outside lane is barely curved.

In Saturday's finals Sichting was in the eighth lane but lost to Mahle Ferguson, a member of the 1,600-meter relay team that got the silver medal in Munich. Ferguson runs for the West Coast Jets, is one of 10 children and was named the outstanding performer of the meet. Sichting, who earlier was timed in 10.4 for her 100, finished in 23.5, a tick slower than Marvelous Mable, who also won the 440 in 54.1 and anchored the Jets' 880 medley relay team to another first place.

"I was dead tired," Fran said. "I just couldn't get my knees up. I worked too hard at the long jump today and only

got 19'3" on my one legal jump. The other five were all fouls."

The day was not a total loss, however. For the girl who graduated from Marshfield High School three years after another Coos Bay runner named Steve Prefontaine. The trip to Europe had to be turned down, but she said, "I called my husband last night and he liked the fact that I'd gotten the American record. I also asked him if I could go to the Olympics if he went along with me and he said, 'You bet.' That's a great sign."

The loss of Sichting was but one frustration for the AAU, which was informed that Ferguson, Iris Davis, Kathy Schmidt and possibly Martha Watson won't be making the four-meet tour, either. Ferguson's coach is her father Bill, and he plans to take his daughters and other Jets to "some little meets down South where I can get me some soul food." Davis, who won the 100 in 10.3, plans to work on her master's thesis. Schmidt, the American record holder in the javelin who has been threatening the world mark this spring, said, "It would cost me too much money. I just can't afford it." The AAU hopes to persuade the L.A. City Recreation Department to release Watson from her job to make the tour. "For years we've been hearing that all our women's team needed was international competition to get better," said one AAU official. "So we set it up better than it ever has been before and look what happens. What can you do?"

The team will be a combination of a lot of youth and a little experience, the latter largely provided by Willye White, whose lengthy career has provided her with more trips to Europe than Henry Krieger.

Willye finished second in the long jump behind Watson's wind-aided 21'4½", and she was as radiant as a 14-year-old over her performance. "What makes me feel good is all these coaches who come by and tell me that I should retire," she said after jumping 20'5¼", also with an aiding wind, in only her second meet since Munich. "They tell me that you can't be as resilient as you were when you were younger and how the body can't do the same things it did when you were a kid. I like to make fools of them all. I am 33 years old and I haven't reached my peak yet." White's first international meet was the 1956 Olympics. Since one of her heroes is George Blanda, don't count her out for Montreal.

Youth was served in the 880, the best competitive race of the meet. Wendy Koenig, 18, won it in 2:04.7, holding off Mary Decker, a 14-year-old 85-pounder, through the stretch.

More predictable was the hard-charging triumph of Patty Johnson, who attacked a flight of 100-meter hurdles for a 12.9 triumph that would have qualified as a new American record but for the aiding wind. The race brought Patty and Chi Cheng Reel back together for the first time in three years, and while it appeared that Chi suffered a recurrence of the leg injury that has interrupted her career, no one was a match for the inexorable Johnson. Chi faded badly and finished seventh while Marnie Rallins, in another blow to the U.S. team, fell and never finished at all.

"The rivalry between Chi and me was being built up here," Patty said. "I'm sorry she got hurt but I don't think it would have mattered. I was geared to win today. I'm glad I won. That means the AAU has to pay my fare to the nationals next year, since I am the defending champion. I lost in this meet a year ago, so they only gave me \$15 to get here from Seattle."

The Los Angeles Track Club won the team championship for the second straight year with 44 points, while the Brooklyn Atloms, which had its mile relay team disqualified for two false starts in a heat, was second with 38 points.

Pressure, in fact, was the order of the day and diminished the efforts of some performers, like Schmidt, who won the javelin with a throw of 194'6", 13'7" under her new American record. Françoise Larreau, who planned to break the world record of 4,35.4 for the mile, edged Kathy Gihbons in 4:40.3. "Do you realize that if I had moved up, I'd have missed a trip to Europe?" she said. "I hate races with so much at stake."

"It's hard to say how good our team will be," said Brooks Johnson, who will coach the U.S. women. "It hurts when you lose an experienced competitor like Rallins. In the 880 we've got a lot of youth and it's like they say in football, 'Every freshman and sophomore you play is going to hurt you.' But if the leadership is good, we'll win."

As for the loss of Sichting, Johnson sighed, "Isn't that something! The best sprint find in the country for the last two or three years and she can't go because her guy won't let her."

END



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A dramatic landscape photograph of a fjord. In the foreground, the water is dark and calm, reflecting the sky and the distant mountain. A small, dark boat with two people inside is positioned in the middle ground on the right side. The background features a large, dark mountain with patches of snow or ice, partially shrouded in mist. The sky is filled with heavy, grey clouds, with some light breaking through near the horizon. The overall mood is somber and majestic.

last battle in



a most foreboding land

Few places can match the misty fjords of British Columbia for stark beauty—or for savagery. The return of the salmon signals a blue-plate special for fish eaters, man and animal alike by ROBERT F. JONES

CONTINUED

last battle continued

tom of the sea minus hide, tail, paws, teeth & life. Enclosed are the choppers of one canus lupus. Sorry I chipped one of them as I was gently removing it from his lower jaw with a hatchit. He was one 'L' of a climax to a most eventful fishing and hunting safari to the north woods of B.C. Tho I've lived here all of my 19 years amidst the salmons and seals and deer and brown bears and wolfs and otters etc. I have to admit that I have never seen & expenced so much beauty in all my youth as I did during our flight with Dave up to poison cove. One never realizes the grandure of the mountain peaks till you get up & fly in amongst them it makes you like a spectator in a great science fiction spectral.

"Well partner there is a poker game going & I have to destink myself and so will say 'Chow' for now & leave you with the memories of a great week in River City. Hope to see you for the duck shooting if you can't make it drop me a line.

Your Wolfing partner
Warren"

The recipient of the letter, whom we should perhaps call S.S. Wolfzapper, hefted the small box that had accompanied this communication, bouncing it lightly on his palm. It emitted an om-

inous rattle. According to its gaudy label, the box had once contained 22 cones of Rains Hindu incense, pine-scented and possessed, in the words of its Chicago manufacturers, of something called "ultrafragrance." A strange container for such grisly souvenirs, thought Wolfzapper as he opened the box. In it he found four long, curved fangs, the grooved and gleaming canines of a black wolf he had shot one foggy morning a few weeks earlier in the company of Warren Nygaard, a 19-year-old British Columbia guide.

Then again, maybe the container was not so strange. Like so many of the B.C. bushmen Wolfzapper had met—not the part-time outdoorsmen but the ones who still lived in and of the wilderness—Warren Nygaard had a feeling for essences. Living in a steep, cold, cruel land of conifers and rock and wildlife, he would of course delight in filling his indoor time with the scent of burning pine. And if they made incense that smelled like bears or salmon, eagles or cormorants, wet granite or melting snow, he would burn them as well—perhaps all of them in combination for the greatest whiff-trip possible. Sure, incense is a big thing among the languid longhairs of the great North American cities, who use it to en-

the letter was written slantwise, in a crabbed hand, on the back of a paper place mat customarily used on the posh, polished tables of Good Hope Cannery Lodge, a fishing and hunting camp at Rivers Inlet, British Columbia. "Dear Old Buddy Salmon Slayer and Wolfzapper," it began. "Well here is one tired & weary bushman sitting in his messy room where he has been excommunicated to because he smells like a dead wolf so he decides to send his tracks to the green-go who caused this delima.

"I skinned 'EL LOBO' last night took about two hours but it wasn't too bad except when we lowered him down on the ground & the gas escaped from the bullet hole in his guts & oh my gawd did it stink he now rests in peace at the bot-

At first glance the Good Hope Cannery Lodge is an eyesore of weathered white rectangles set amidst the rugged mountains of Rivers Inlet.



hance their smoky dreams of Utopia—grandly simple places that combine the character and communality of C.S. Lewis's Narnia or Tolkien's Hobbit land with none of the danger. But Warren Nygaard, whose hair is just as long, has actually braved the blizzard, gutted the salmon, built the fire, walked the trail, slain the wolf, waded the river in spate, and smelled the grizzly bear up close, only to sneak away from it as quietly as possible. To him the stink of incense evokes the essence of those acts, Wolfzapper thought.

He raised the hox of wolf's teeth to his nose and took a deep sniff. It was all there, sure enough.

The Good Hope Cannery Lodge lies some 300 miles north of the U.S.-Canada border, just a short hop by jet and floatplane from British Columbia's glittering, rain-washed focus of civilization, Vancouver, but a century's worth of time travel by sociological standards. Vancouver, with a population of 1,100,000, is a modern city in the best sense, replete with tasteful new high-rise office buildings, excellent seafood restaurants, mungbean parks and relatively wart-less skiing just a quarter of an hour's drive from downtown. Wolfzapper, who avoided cities as best he could, had been there only a few times, yet if he were to be sentenced to a city for the rest of his life, he reckoned he could do worse than Vancouver.

Good Hope, by contrast, was approximately paradise. With a population of perhaps 50 at the peak season, it stood on stork-legged piers amidst steep mountains halfway up Rivers Inlet, one of those fog-shrouded fjords of the British Columbia coast that make of the province a kind of super Norway. From its founding in 1895 up to 1942, Good Hope had been a major salmon canner, a way station for the slubby travelers and gillnetters of the Anglo-British Columbia Packing Co. that logged millions of fish each year into its vans and pressure cookers. Since 1970 it has been a \$150-a-day sport-fishing resort. At first glance, when you fly in by floatplane, Good Hope comes on as an eyecore of white squares and rectangles set almost obscenely amidst the random, rugged mountains of the Inlet, a prime and shuttered imposition of form on a land that seems to rise from the sea like a pack of wolves, frozen in full gallop, hisling with fire and

spice, nature, strong, as ready to kill as to run. Then as the hush pilot cupped the Mallard onto the water—how closely the plane resembles its namesake while landing—Wolfzapper saw that the lodge, up close, did indeed fit the country. Its clapboard siding was weathered bone-white by the North Pacific winds, its seams shunk tight with cold and brine. The pier pilings, crusty with barnacles and mussels, supported Auger sheds and mammoth barrels stained with the blood of countless dead salmon; the blank-eyed buildings stared toward the west with a gaze as hard and cold as the weather itself. Over the whole scene hung the sodine odor of kelp.

A foreboding place to those early salmon crews, Wolfzapper thought. Or at least to the romantics among them, to whom glamour lay in city lights and movie theaters, wind-up phonographs, roadhouses, the rich gleam of a Marmion roadster careering through heavy traffic on Main Street—four Model A's and a freight wagon. Now the shoe was on the other foot: today's romantic longed to kick off his Gucci loafers for a pair of ulster waders and escape the city lights and the malevolent music of phonographs and traffic jams for the most foreboding country possible. Good Hope is certainly one of the possibilities.

Within half an hour of his arrival, Wolfzapper was out on the water and into the fish. The salmon run was at full strength during this first week of September. The burly, black-backed chinooks—largest of the five Pacific Coast salmon and the earliest to spawn, were at the end of their run, already most of them were halfway up their spawning rivers, rained and past prime, the males with their jaws heavily hooked, which indicates full sexual maturity, and so preoccupied with their mating that they would not take a lure even out of rage. But the coho, or silver, salmon—smaller though more aerodynamic than the chinooks—had just arrived from the sea and were schooling up in the river mouths, readying themselves for the last battle. The other three species, chum, sockeye and pink salmon, are dandied by the locals as game fish: though Wolfzapper was to have some light-tackle adventures with them later on that would raise some doubts as to that local judgment.

"The silvers are telling real nice in the



Fishing for salmon with a fly, Warren Nygaard.

shallows," said Warren Nygaard as Wolfzapper rigged his tackle. He had fished the newly transplanted "mutual salmon" of the Great Lakes, chinooks and cohos raised from the same stock as these Pacific Coast natives, but the heavy rods and line preferred in the Middle West had bored him. For the real thing, Wolfzapper had brought along no line heavier than six-pound test and no rod that wasn't flexible as a huggy whip, including an ultralight fly rod just 6' tall that bore only a two-pound upset.

"We'll troll three rods with flash flies and light spoons," said Warren, "and meanwhile you can cast to the rollers with a buzz bomb. I really don't think that these salmon are feeding at this stage of the game, they're striking out of anger. The buzzer is a some line that kind of goes gribble-gribble-gribble when you jig it in right, and the silvers get bugged at it and give it a whack out of just plain simple concernness. When you see a fish roll within range, cast about three or four fish-lengths ahead of him and let the buzz bomb sink, that's when it griddles, and then just jig it back in manually."

More easily said than done. Throwing the buzzer at the end of a whippy spinning rod is roughly like blasting a 16-

pound shot out of a sand trap with a swagger stick. And the coho move fast—the casting more closely resembles pass shooting on flighted teal than it does fishing. On about his 20th cast, with the beetle-browed ridges of the inlet now seemingly relaxed into a bushy snicker, Wolfzapper got lucky: his buzz bomb plunked down at precisely the requisite lead ahead of a surging, silvery splash. He let the heavy lure sink for three counts, then struck mightily backwards on the rod, two-handed. And just as well, for with the strike, a salmon hit the buzzer—and by God it buzzed and buzzed. The coho took off in a chain of greyhounding leaps that reminded Wolfzapper of a giant needlefish he had once caught in Costa Rica, but with a little more brawn in the shoulders. Not until nearly 200 yards of line had been sized off the spool did the fish feel the pressure and turn. After that it was a series of surges and sulks, marked by brief but frothy acrobatics during which Wolfzapper could see, in his fisherman's eye, the hook holes growing bigger. This, of course, is the great thrill of light-tackle fishing: the precarious balance between skill and dread; at any moment, with the least mistake, the slightest slackening of line pressure, the hook may simply fall out of the fish's mouth, as often it does when the fish is netted. This coho finally came into the boat intact, rolling on its side, whipped by the buggy whip. It weighed 16½ pounds, a broad-shouldered male with its upper jaw already bulbous, a kind of green, silver and spotted Jimmy Durante without the grin.

It was the first of the week's 20 salmon for Wolfzapper, all of them weighing between 10 and 20 pounds, and each as sporty as the last. But the real thrill of salmon fishing on the northwest coast lies not so much in the mere catching of the fish as in seeing the salmon as the symbol and touchstone of that country. After a morning of buzz-bombing with a success ratio that numbed the wrists, Nygaard took his client up one of the spawning rivers to watch the salmon at their serious business. The inevitable morning fog had burned off by 10 a.m., leaving the sky a pallid Indian summer blue tinged slightly pink by the smoke of a distant forest fire. Except for the trees and the silence, it might have been a morning in smoggy Los Angeles. Water-

fowl exploded off the river and hustled away in outrage—mallards, pintails, green-wing teal and clusters of slower-flying black brant. Spawned-out pink salmon, "humpies" in the local parlance because of the pronounced hump that forms just back of the head during mating season, drifted downstream, their fins and tails worn away to ragged white stumps by the difficult upstream journey. Ravens flapped and crouched in the shallows, glutting themselves on dead or dying fish. The sweet odor of rotten salmon hung everywhere. As Warren beached the boat on the slippery banks, a squadron of huge birds heaved into the air and settled fussy in the dead fir along the shore. Wolfzapper did a double take; they were bald eagles, fully two dozen of them in one group. Like most Americans, Wolfzapper had rarely seen the national bird in a wild state, and then only in singles and in the most remote country—he remembered one circling on thermals above Mount Katahdin in Maine, another over a muskie lake in northern Wisconsin, a third perched on a dead pine high in the Arkansas Ozarks, viewed only fleetingly from a canoe as it plunged through white water. Here they seemed as commonplace as city pigeons. "The locals call 'em buzzards," said Warren. "Of course, you only see them in these numbers during the salmon run. This is chow time for all the fish eaters in these parts. Eagles, ravens, mink, wolves, bears, men—they all gather by the river when the salmon come home."

Hiking up the boulder-strewn shore with a fly rod under his arm, Warren pointed out wolf and bear signs. The gnawed heads of dead salmon studded the landscape, the hollow, peeked-out eye sockets abuzz with flies and wasps. The riffles and pools were black-bottomed with migrant salmon, at first Wolfzapper thought the river was floored with dark rocks. Then, when he waded out to cast a bucktail he saw that the bottom was alive. He had the absurd sensation that he was in an old movie: "Mis-tah Chan, de river's moving!" The incredible mass of life inched its way painfully up the river, each fish husbanding its strength, darting a few feet against the strong current and then holding in the lee of another boulder until it was ready for the next spurt. Big chum salmon, some as long and thick as a man's

leg, were already digging their redds—the carefully excavated gravel beds in which the females drop their eggs. Wolfzapper watched as one female flipped a boulder the size of a human head out of the water with her tail. A trio of avid males circled and snapped at one another as she worked. It was obvious why the locals called these chum salmon "dogs"—the double-hooked jaws of the males were as wicked looking as the business end of a Doberman pinscher. Finally the biggest of the three ripped his rivals out of their eagerness, and as they darted away he flinned up close to the lady of his choice.

"She might be ready in half an hour, or maybe not for another couple of days," said Warren. "When she drops her eggs, it's like a pink cloud. That triggers the male's molt. I've seen it maybe half a dozen times. It's amazing how the molt seems to follow the eggs wherever they sink, as if it had some kind of guidance system. Nearly every one of the 3,000 or so eggs is fertilized. Then they sink down into the gravel of the redd, maybe 18 inches deep. The eggs hatch into alevins during the winter, but the fry don't get back up into the running water until April or May. That's when the attraction begins—trout, other salmon, birds, even the bigger insects scoff them up. The fry of the dogs and the humpies split for the sea immediately, but the sockeye and silver fry and some of the chinook fry stay in the fresh water for maybe a year before heading out to the salt. The humpies come back to spawn and die after two years—that's why they seldom weigh more than about five pounds—but the others take anywhere from three to five years at sea before they end the cycle. The chinooks are the biggest—we call them 'springs' and when they're over 30 pounds they're called 'tyces,' an Indian word for chief, but also it sounds like what the reel says when you hook one up—and they've netted them up to 126 pounds, though the rod-and-reel record is 92. The cohos or silvers range from six pounds to a maximum of 31. Dogs will run up to maybe 30, and sockeyes, what we call 'reds' from their spawning colors, top out at about 15 pounds."

By now the courting couple had settled down for the prenuptials, the female finning slowly over the redd while the

male hung at her flank, his jaws working almost mechanically while his big, black eyes flicked back and forth in readiness for the pink cloud. So much of the salmon's reproductive scenario is based on visual cues, and so many of those cues are grotesque by human standards—snaggle teeth, unsightly humps and bulbous noses in the males—that one cannot help but wonder if our own criteria of comeliness and sexual attraction aren't equally grotesque. "One thing kind of neat about the salmon," said Warren, "they do it with the lights on."

Upstream there was a brief but heavy crashing in the underbrush, followed by a low, prolonged moan, rather like a cow suffering from colic. "Bear!" whispered Warren. "We probably spooked him out of his favorite fishing hole when we came up, and now he's hungry again. They don't tolerate hunger very well. We better just pussyfoot on out of here. I don't want to take an off-brownie with nothing in my fist but a fly rod."

Looking back on it now, with the wolf's teeth rattling in the incense box, Wolfzapper could see that it was the meaning of the bear that had led to the "delma," as Warren called it, and the ultimate deflating. Wolfzapper would have preferred to wait beside the river until the two dog salmon spawned. But he recognized the folly in provoking the bear—even where he is hunted, *Ursus horribilis* can be an aggressive fellow, and once his adrenaline begins flowing there is nothing that can stop him short of a 250-grain bullet with a magnum load of powder behind it. At one time or another during this week, Wolfzapper promised himself he would find a spot where he could watch the salmon complete the spawning act. Perhaps it was porcine voyeurism, but he felt it was necessary, even if he had to pack a gun against bears. He had no desire to kill a bear, nor any of the big predators, but if it took a gun to feel safe in spawning country, he would take one. After all, he already had the basic big game license and tag licenses for deer, mountain goat and bear. No extra license would be needed for wolf.

For the next three days Warren and Wolfzapper concentrated on tishone, along with a little sightseeing. They took salmon on the ultralight fly rod, one of them a stubborn 17-pounder that stripped the backing clear down to the



A flyfisher carries the angle from River's Inlet on the lower Copper River, near Skagway.

spool and burned a bloody hole in Wolfzapper's forefinger, but failed to crack the springy little rod. They visited a loggers' graveyard, where plastic flowers raised their gaudy heads over fresh deer droppings, wild munt and daisies. One of the tombstones read "Maria Amanda Perry, b. Aug. 24, 1888, d. Mar. 16, 1969." Warren had known her well. "She was a cook in a logging camp, and when the camp closed she just stayed on, for years and years," he said. Then, gesturing at the mossy logs and the brassy waters of the inlet leading down to the sea, he added: "If you've got to stay in one place forever, this is a good enough place to do it."

Fishing their way seaward, they stopped off at Warren's house, a tidy little suburban home with flowered curtains and window boxes. It differed from I-5-towns only in that it was mounted on a raft of mammoth red cedar logs and surrounded by some of the wildest mountains in the world. The family tugboat was moored alongside. "Anytime we get miffed at the neighbors, we just hook up the tugboat and find us another cove," said Warren's mother, a perky little woman who had been baking that day (the obvious reason for Warren's im-

promptu visit). Oves coffee and cider. Mrs. Nystgaard talked about her adjustment to life without neighbors and supermarkets. "We moved up here in 1946," she said. "Francis, my husband, he couldn't stand the crowded way of life in Vancouver. At first I couldn't stand the opposite—the loneliness. You hear so much about frontier hospitality, but I sure didn't see any of it. The people hereabouts were shy and standoffish. I was a city girl to them. It wasn't until I'd cried the self-pity out of myself that first winter or two—Francis away most of the time—that they finally accepted me. Now I find myself doing the same thing to newcomers. It's cruel to lead them on, you know. They have to learn on their own whether they can take it or not." Warren's father, a portly, red-checked bushman of 56, cranked a living out of the country by running an 88-mile tripline during the winter "the longest shore tripline in the province" and by hand-logging. The big lumber companies discourage one-family operations and under the pressure of their lobbies a few old-timers can still cut timber on their own for the market but only if they use nothing but muscle power. By taking in a little fishing and meat hunting along the

Continued

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way—B.C. residents are usually permitted two deer, a moose, one or two mountain goats and three bears (one grizzly, two blacks) a year—Francis Nygaard was able to keep his wife and two sons alive and kicking. Indeed, in recent years he has grossed as much as \$40,000, enough to permit a three-month winter vacation to places like Cuernavaca in Mexico or Curaçao in the Netherlands Antilles, where he soaks up the sun and, of course, fishes. Prominent among Francis Nygaard's collection of curios, which includes Kwakiutl arrowheads, fish spears and bears' teeth, is the jaw of an Atlantic barracuda—"It always puzzles the locals," he says proudly. Right now, the Nygaards' closest (and only) neighbor is a retired lumberjack named Olaf Sla-back, aged 82, who came to this wild kingdom from Norway in 1922 by way of the Dakotas and Vancouver. Olaf is a tall, powerful man even in his dotage, and his reputation as a perfectionist in tree-felling is still legend on Rivers Inlet. He spends his last days handlining for rock cod and flounder at the Inlet's mouth, and catering to the whims of his ancient tomcat, Blackie, whose favorite foods are deer liver, crabmeat, scallop and vanilla ice cream. "He just won't touch lingcod, snapper or kelp greenlings," Olaf laments as he spoons into Blackie's dish a dollop of ice cream that only just arrived on the freight boat. The cat stares disdainfully at the offering, then turns his head seaward and meditates in grand hauteur before gratifying the old man's most heartfelt wishes.

Another day, Warren and Wolfzapper fly inland by bush plane to fish the trout waters of the high interior. Their pilot is Dave Hutcheon, a 30-year-old expatriate from Rhodesia who had found Central Africa growing a bit too crowded for his reclusive tastes. Dave, who grew up angling for the tiger fish and vundu, a giant catfish of the Dark Continent, is now a trout freak, and like all converts he outdoes the native believers in sheer zeal. "I always pack along my break-down rod when I'm flying up this way," says Dave as his battered old bush plane numbles among the mountains. "If I've got a tail wind and half an hour on my flight plan, I'll just drop into one of these lakes and have a little trouty fun."

The lakes are everywhere, sudden jewels of jade and amber tucked away be-

hind sheer rock faces down which a million waterfalls splash and shimmer in the sunsets. Mountain goats stare at the passing floatplane. There are moose in the swampy river bottoms, crawling slowly through the sedge like huge black insects. "Some of the pilots like to buzz the wolves during the winter when they catch them out on the ice," Dave says. "Those chaps can really move along when they're spooked—up to 30 mph. Last winter one of the boys coshed a big dog wolf with his float, clipped it just as neat as you please. Then he landed and skinned it out. A nice little \$100 bonus when he sold the hide."

Warren reciprocates with a few wolf-trapping anecdotes—he has run his father's traphole on and off since he was 13 years old, mainly catching otter, mink and marten. (The best marten lure, incidentally, is a mixture of salmon eggs, duck livers, seal blubber, herring, codfish and deer scraps, aged in a jar for two years.) "One winter when the wolves were so thick you had to nearly kick 'em off the trail, my partner and I made what we thought was a foolproof set," Warren said. "First we built a sturdy little log house about the size of a dog kennel. Its back wall was the trunk of a huge red cedar. Inside we put half of a hair seal we'd shot a couple of weeks earlier; the meat was good and high, just the way old Lobo likes it. We'd boiled our traps to kill the man scent and handled them with odorless gloves afterwards. We had one trap under the snow just outside the door of the hut and two more inside. The first day, a single wolf came up and studied the set. Judging by its tracks, it came to within three feet of the outside trap and just sat there in the snow for about half an hour. The next day, about a dozen wolves showed up. They marched all around the set, coming to within a few inches of the steel. The third day, the seal meat was gone. The wolves had jumped onto the roof of the hut, ripped off the logs and carried the bait away. There was seal hair and grease all over the snow where they'd cleaned up on it. Not a one of the traps was sprung. Damned clever fellow, old Lobo."

Fishing the trout lakes that day, they saw no wolves, but they did see a black bear snagging pink salmon out of a rapids on Indian River, a steep stream that drops from a mountain top lake on Prin-

cess Royal Island. After catching a dozen cutthroat trout, acrobatic lake dwellers with brilliant red slashes on their lower gill covers, Warren led the party down to the lake's outlet. The tangle of downed timber made it impossible to walk on the riverbank; they tightrope'd it along the backs of the fallen logs, under which grew dwarf jungles of devil's club, the Pacific Northwest's ugly and outsized equivalent of catnip. A few hundred yards down the river Warren crouched suddenly and raised his hand. The bear was on the far side of the rapids, a mature male weighing in the neighborhood of 100 pounds, his thick black and tan hide glossy with salmon fat and river spray. He stood perfectly still, hunched over the bulging water like a dark boulder, his claw-tipped forearm hooked motionless in the water like a dead branch. When a salmon angled into range, the paw went swoosh! A salmon flapped briefly on the rocks. Old Man Bruin's great white choppers went chomp! All that was left was a tail fin and a head whose jaws still twitched in reflexive astonishment. Some fisherman, thought Wolfzapper.

Wading the rapids below the bear's fishing hole, they caught half a dozen rainbow trout, losing twice that number in the fast water and ubiquitous snags. The fish were thick-bodied and strong, vaulting boulders and downed trees like riverine steeplechase horses. The sun pounded down with tropical intensity, feeling as noisy and turbulent as the water itself sounded. On the way back upriver to the plane, they found the bear still at his fishing. Warren whistled from the devil's club and the bear looked up, its nearsighted eyes flicking and crossing like Buddy Hackett's in a comedy sketch. Warren threw a rock that clattered among the boulders near the bear. Then another rock. The bear whuffed, swapped ends and galloped off into the bush. "Maybe we taught him to stay clear of people," said Warren. "A hunk like that looks better on a bear than on a floor."

But where a black bear usually runs away from man, a grizzly runs both ways. Thus the next morning, after a breakfast of fresh trout and scrambled eggs, Warren and Wolfzapper carried rifles into the boat an hour before sunrise. It was Wolfzapper's last day, and he wanted to see the salmon spawning. And maybe knock

over a "mowitch"—the small, black-tailed deer of the B.C. coast—for the Nygaard family dinner table. In either event, no grizzly was going to spook him away from his object.

McNair's Creek flows into the Inlet about half an hour's run by motorboat from Good Hope. The predawn fog still lay thick and clammy on the pebble shore as Warren beached the boat. Geese gabbled, invisible, in the nearby flats, and the splash of salmon sounded like horses wallowing in the riffles of the creek. "My father killed a big bear near here," Warren whispered as they hiked upstream. "Measured 10 inches between the eyes." With that, every rock, every slow swirl of fog took on ursine proportions. Half a mile upstream they came to a pool full of spawning dog salmon. They squatted on the cold, mossy boulders and watched the silent sex act. In this light, the pink cloud looked purple; the quivering bodies blurred into twice their natural size; a raven croaked its way through the fog, harbinger of dawn and solitude. Then from the upstream shifting gray came the moan of a bear, a sound as cold and soft and slippery as the moss itself. The gun barrels were beaded with a chilly sweat. Warren looked at Wolfzapper; Wolfzapper looked at Warren; they retreated as silently as possible.

"Well, you saw it," said Warren when they reached the boat. "I don't know that I've ever really understood it, you know, accepted it as reality. When you think of the millions of years it's been going on, and the billions of fish it produces, the hard cosymy it all takes place in, and all the critters it feeds. Including the bears and the wolves and the eagles. O.K., enough philosophy. Let's go get a mowitch for the meat locker."

Prowling the slippery shoreline with a faint dawn hreeze in their faces, they saw the wolf before he saw them. He was, improbably, silhouetted against the feeble dawn, standing in full profile on a rocky ledge overlooking the Inlet. Maybe 100 yards away, though the fog was deceptive. The heavy head, the thick-manned neck, the slim legs and full-feathered tail—he looked like the whole world's romantic image of a wolf, like those cheap calendar paintings called *Song of the Mountains* that you find in quasi-Western saloons. All that was needed was a spine-tingling howl. "Take him," said Warren.

Take him, thought Wolfzapper, and as the Model 94 Winchester rose to his shoulder a grave reluctance battled with a hunter's inevitable movements. He killed animals regularly: he had never figured on killing a wolf. He knew that life in this cruel century, as in centuries past, was defined as much by the splat of bullet on flesh as it was by any more coherent, supposedly intelligent devices; he nonetheless had an affection for the dog family. He knew that wolves were in no danger of extinction in this part of British Columbia. He knew that wolves, as with any of the predators at the top of the food chain, reflected an abundance of life in all its forms and thus were no threat to human life or to the lives of humankind's domestic livestock, nor to the deer herd or anything else in the web of nature. He knew he loved to shoot a rifle at a living, moving target. He also knew deep down that the target should have been chosen well in advance of the act, stalked, worked upon, singled out, not shot at random as it suddenly appeared between the parentheses of the buckhorn iron sights. He knew, finally, as the butt of the rifle reached his shoulder and the comb of the stock slapped his cheekbone, that he was going to kill this wolf and swallow his regret.

In the moment it took to raise the rifle, the wolf had turned on its heels and disappeared into the masking shadow of the fog-shrouded bush. But before that message of relief could reach Wolfzapper's forebrain, the wolf was again in sight—running down the rocky beach directly toward the two men. When it saw the hunters it was perhaps 75 yards away. As it turned once more, Wolfzapper shot. The wolf stumbled, hit through the haunches. It skittered back up the beach, retracing its tracks toward a deer trail near the promontory on which it had first been seen. Wolfzapper's second shot took it high in the back. The wolf stumbled again, fell, then struggled to its feet like a dog clipped by a speeding sports car. Wolfzapper's third shot smashed the wolf's shoulders and jellied its heart. When the men came up on it, the wolf was sighing, its rib cage heaving in a final desperation. Then it died. It was a young male, black-furred, stinking of dead salmon, its yellow eyes intelligent even in death, regretting its last mis-

take. "Nice shooting," said Warren. He poked the wolf's head and the tongue lolled out. The teeth were incredible in their brightness. Wolfzapper was suddenly aware that the sun had broken through the morning fog; he heard the salmon splashing in the shallows of McNair's Creek.

On the obverse side of the place mat on which Warren had written his letter Wolfzapper found the following printed anecdote, one of those folksy touches so beloved of hotel managers:

"Chief Gal-Gum-Gas-Su and his tribe were the first people to inhabit Rivers Inlet, and before there were fish in the river they settled at Wanook, now called Whan-Nook. Gal-Gum-Gas-Su had a little daughter named Yeda. Soon after Yeda had learnt how to talk, she told her mother she was hungry for salmon. On being told no one knew what a salmon was, she commenced to cry and refused all foods. Fearing she would die if her crying was not checked, in desperation Gal-Gum-Gas-Su called his wise men to a council and demanded of them, 'What are salmon?' and 'where can they be obtained?' The wise men had to admit their ignorance. No one knew. At that moment, the supernatural Raven, who was always traveling, entered the council and said, 'Chief and wise men, I know salmon. They are the fish for the people, and I will find out where they live.' Upon saying this he left them and flew for days till he located the home of the salmon. Now the salmon had a chief called Meah-Si-La, whose little son was always playing and jumping in the water. Raven watched his chance, and when no one was looking he seized the little fish and flew off with it. Whereupon Meah-Si-La commanded his people to help him retrieve his son. They swam fast but could not overtake Raven, who arrived at the mouth of Wanook River in time for Gal-Gum-Gas-Su to have a net made and the little fish safely confined in a shallow pool before the salmon people were sighted. When the salmon people ascended the river, the men captured them. In his joy, the father held the first salmon feast. Since then, the yearly run of salmon has never failed."

A gentler story than mine, thought Wolfzapper, raiting the teeth once again.

END

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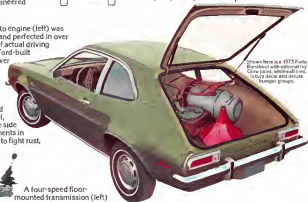
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

COVERAGE

Sirs:

Don't get us wrong. We enjoy your magazine. But don't you think that it was kind of ridiculous putting George Foreman on the cover of your June 18 issue when for the first time in 23 years a racehorse finally captured the Triple Crown? It isn't every day that a superhorse comes along. Secretariat won three major races in a row. The least you could have done was have him on your cover twice in a row.

LILJA and TINSLEY GINN

Covington, Ga.

Sirs:

I usually try to guess what will be on your cover, but not anymore. After finding George Foreman instead of Secretariat, I have given up.

RUDOLPH RAMIREZ

New York City

Sirs:

You have had great coverage of Secretariat's race for the Triple Crown, and in *History in the Making* (June 18) Whitney Tower did an excellent job of reporting on the best racehorse ever. Thanks for the article.

DAVE CINES

Florida, N.Y.

Sirs:

Neil Lurie has given us a remarkable photograph of Ron Turcotte and Secretariat at Belmont. He has transcribed a rare moment in sport for all of us to see and enjoy.

BOB GRANDE

Farmingdale, N.Y.

FOREMAN & CO.

Sirs:

I commend Pat Putnam for his fine article on the heavyweight boxing division (*One Little Move, a Giant Step*, June 18). It is about time someone told us what really goes on.

ROGER BROWN

Toledo

Sirs:

As an avid follower of the heavyweight division I found that Pat Putnam's remarks struck a responsive chord. He is correct in surmising that inactivity on the part of the heavyweight champion is boxing's greatest enemy. Although Oklahoma is not exactly the fight capital of the world, I was glad to see our local boxing commission formally relieve Joe Frazier of his title when he refused to meet a bona fide contender for some 16 months after the Ali fight. Unless there are some drastic changes, it is almost inevitable that Ali's prophecy will come true. "I'm gon-

na close the book on boxing." Perhaps George Foreman was correct when he said he was not the best fighter in the world but merely the titleholder.

GARY KILBY

Enid, Okla.

GRIPS

Sirs:

Ron Fimrite's article on the world champion Oakland Athletics (*Give 'em A for Ager*, June 18) could not have come at a better time, because the A's finally are beginning to play like champions. The A's are a cinch to repeat, even if all they can do while they are winning is gripe.

EDDIE TAYLOR

Ayden, N.C.

Sirs:

I notice Ron Fimrite cleverly used one Texas Rangers in describing some of the A's lesser qualities: "enough sins of omission and commission to suffice the Texas Rangers for an entire season." Cute. I must inform you Mr. Fimrite that one sin of omission Texas did not commit was to fail to trade Mike Epstein to the California Angels. The acquisition of Jim Spencer (over .300 with the Rangers and .270 for the season) was more than enough to compensate for Mr. Epstein (.204 for the season). With moves like this one (we got fastballing young Lloyd Allen, too) the Rangers will eventually be winners.

JAN HUBBARD

Dallas

AFFECTION FOR BRUCE

Sirs:

John Underwood's portrait of Bruce Crampton (*Golf's Jekyll & Hyde*, June 18) is the most refreshing and impartial piece of sports journalism I have read. I feel as if I have benefited more from this unique look at Crampton than I could have from reading another psychology book. Crampton will continue to make the golf ball do wonders for him, but now with his own "Scarlet Letter" (Big A), life will have meaning.

WILLIAM E. BACHINGER

Licensed Counselor

Apple Valley, Calif.

Sirs:

Thanks to John Underwood for a superb article. I have long been a fan of Bruce Crampton's, but now I can better understand his moods and attitudes. At the end of the article I found myself to be an even bigger fan of Bruce's. He may be Mr. Jekyll at times, but he is Mr. Consistency at all times.

DONALD NELSON

Minneapolis

Sirs:

As both a psychologist and a golfer, I enjoyed the Bruce Crampton article. Most people tend to perceive others in rather simple terms, and this is particularly true with respect to sports figures. We like our heroes and villains to be uncomplicated—all good or all bad—which makes it easier for us to love or hate them. John Underwood has illuminated the subtle aspects of Bruce Crampton's personality, and in the process he has given us all a psychological lesson. Thanks to Bruce for opening himself to us. I admire him for that.

EDWARD J. O'KEEFE, Ph.D.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

HOUSTON'S HOMES

Sirs:

Hasn't America truly become the land of wealth and opportunity when an 18-year-old like Mark Howe can sign a four-year contract to play ice hockey for \$140,000 a year and then proceed to caution the people of Texas not to expect too much from himself and his brother (*Put Them All Together They Spell Money*, June 18)? The ticket-purchasing fans will be making it possible for Mark to earn far more in one season than the average Joe (who works all 12 months) makes in 10 years. Apparently, however, this fact should give nobody the right to expect top-quality hockey from either Mark or Marty Howe right away.

Maybe the Houston organization will make admission to home games free so the fans won't feel too disappointed or cheated if and when the team loses. Or perhaps the responsibility for scoring and preventing goals should be placed entirely upon the lesser-salaried players, while the two young Howes concern themselves with more important problems, like how to spend their money. After all, isn't this what being a professional athlete really is all about these days?

DAVID C. COMBETO

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed your article on the Howes. When Gordie plays in Houston, or anywhere else for that matter, I will be delighted to see him put on the old skates again.

TIM MILLER

St. Clair Shores, Mich.

WEIGHTY IMPRESSIONS

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article on the NCAA track meet (*Some Hot Tunes in a Hotbox*, June 18). But you could have done better. You mentioned that Oregon finished second and talked about Steve Prefontaine, as usual.

That's O.K., but what about the rest of the Oregon performers? The only other one mentioned was Knut Kvalheim, and he didn't even place. Mac Wilkins not only placed but was the meet's individual high scorer. He was third in the shot and first in the discs for 16 points. He is the greatest weight man in track and field history. Come on, you guys.

LARRY BRUNDAGE

Pleasant Hill, Ore.

Sirs:

Doug Brown of Tennessee set an NCAA meet record for the steeplechase with an exceptional individual effort that we thought was one of the highlights of the meet, but no mention was made of it in your June 18 article covering the event. Worse yet, the same issue included a general story on steeplechasing (*They Tread with Fear*) with a picture of Brown falling in the water jump at last year's NCAA meet. It would seem that he deserves better press than this.

JOHN C. MONAHAN

Baton Rouge

RAINED OUT

Sirs:

You left the barn out of the Maine Lobster Angler (SCORED, June 11). You report only that BOAC will fly in 500 pounds of live Maine lobster, six bushels of soft-shell clams and several sacks of Maine seaweed for Kenneth P. Gray's New England clam-bake in Old England. The uh-Maine corn will come from Spain, you say, but you missed the rhyme: the maize from Spain comes Mainely on the plane.

WILLIAM CLEARY JR.

APPO New York

THE WOMEN

Sirs:

Your story of *Women in Sport*, May 28 et seq. 3 suggests that you are joining the ranks of those dissatisfied with free choice. Consider attendance figures seen to demonstrate that men would rather watch men in athletic contests. Also, that women would rather watch men compete.

After you and your collectivist cronies have misdeigned the public for equal dollars for women's sports, how will you get equal audiences? With guns or with bribes?

WALTER W. WOOD

Tewksbury, Mass.

Sirs:

Who watches more football or baseball games, walks over more golf courses, sits in more cold ice arenas and supports, both in more cold ice arenas and supports, more competitive sporting events than the American male? No one does. And where will the dollars come from to give the female athletes the same support and the same purses as the men? Not from the male spectators!

They don't want to watch the women. They will not pay to see them compete. Be happy that there are some exceptions, women of America, and lay your shen down, babe—your roset is burning.

BEN KLAGES

Dayton

Sirs:

Congratulations on the three fine articles concerning women in sports. Hopefully they have opened the eyes of many people. I, for one, was not given the opportunity to participate in sports until college. Until that time my father (a coach) had failed to realize the capabilities of the "weaker sex." Only when he attended a field hockey tournament and saw girls playing two to three games in one day and, instead of getting sick after the games, receiving McDonald's hamburgers, did he begin to take notice that women are capable of more than he thought.

KIM BRANDT

Stirling, Colo.

Sirs:

As I read your third article, I thought about the following quote from the secretary of the Indiana State Coaches Association: "There is the possibility that a boy would be beaten by a girl and as a result be ashamed to face his family and friends. I wonder if anybody has stopped to think what that could do to a young boy."

I have but one answer: I hope it teaches him to respect the ability of others.

JULIA LE PAGE

Vakarise, Calif.

Sirs:

Your article on women's place in sports is all too true. But 50 years ago Harold Hodge Wightman did her bit to advance women. Actually it was in 1939, the year Congress voted women's suffrage, that she gave an international cup to the United States Lawn Tennis Association so women might have an objective similar to the Davis Cup played for by the men. It was not until four years later that the competition started, but since then it has been proved that women's tennis is of interest and can stand on its own two feet. In this 50th anniversary year of the Wightman Cup matches my heartfelt thanks go to Mrs. Wightman.

NANCY P. NORTON

Norton, Mass.

STINKY REMEMBRER

Sirs:

I enjoyed very much the article *Big Stink*. *Big Dream* in your June 11 issue. I grew up in Nebraska and was a rabid Milwaukee Braves fan, so the McCook Braves were of special interest to me. I saw them and other teams play the Grand Island Athletics. McCook Manager Bill Stenecke was known as

remembered

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19TH HOLE continued

"Sonky" to most of us opposing fans. One element that was missing in Pat Jordan's story was some discussion of the league. The Nebraska State League began as an eight-team, all-rookie league in the 1950s. It was down to six teams in 1959 when he was there, and I am not sure whether the all-rookie status still held. The league saw the beginning of a number of major-leaguers: only a few were mentioned by Jordan. Besides the all-rookie status, other innovations were tried. For instance, one summer the Grand Island A's were paid in \$2 bills. The thought was that this would emphasize their contribution to the local economy when the money was spent. Probably much of it ended up in the pool hall.

JEROME STAM

Washington, D.C.

EARNED OR UNEARNED?

Sirs:

My boy friend and I had a discussion, or rather an argument (more like a fight—I was ready to knock his head off!), about those 10 runs the Cubs scored in the first inning of a recent game against Houston. We bet \$10 and I won because I said they were *not* all unearned runs. He paid me when I showed him Rule 10.18, Section (c) in the rule book. I have studied the rules because I truly love baseball, no matter what they say about how slow and dull it is compared to football.

But now he says I have to give the money back because in **BASEBALL'S WEEK** (June 13) Mark Mulvey said, "Third Baseman Doug Rader's two-out, bases-empty error led to a procession of 10 unearned Cub runs." My boy friend says that everything SI says is law. Tell me, do I have to give him back his darn \$10? I've already spent it.

LEIGH HENRYCUTT

Santa Monica, Calif.

• You are both right—strangely enough. Rule 10.18 differentiates earned runs charged against a team from those charged individually against any relief pitchers involved (Houston used two in that 10-run inning). Under Section (c) of the rule—which states, "No run shall be earned when scored by a runner whose life is prolonged by an error, if such runner would have been put out by errorless play"—the Houston team was charged with 10 *unearned* runs. Under Section (b), however, Houston relief pitcher Jim Ray was charged with giving up three *earned* runs and Cecil Upshaw with one *earned* run.—ED.

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